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THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

SHAKSPEARE,

IN EIGHT VOLUMES;

THE LAST

CONTAINING

SELECT EXPLANATORY NOTES.

EIGENTHUM DER STADT AUGSBURG

PUBLISHED

BY

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Eine möglichst wohlfeile Ausgabe der dramatischen Werke Shakspeare's ist schon zu lange für Deutschland Bedürfnifs gewesen, als dafs die Hoffnung nicht einigen Grund haben sollte, den Freunden der Englischen Literatur werde die Erscheinung der gegenwärtigen nicht ganz unwillkommen sein. Dieser erste Theil ist, bis auf einige wenige Veränderungen, nach der zu London 1786 erschienenen, abgedruckt worden, welche den Text nach Malone enthält. Da mir nur der Auftrag ertheilt wurde, für die Richtigkeit des Druckes zu sorgen, so konnte ich anfangs nicht darauf fallen, einen andern Plan zu machen; bald aber fand ich, bei Vergleichung der erwähnten Ausgabe mit der von

Johnson und Steevens besorgten, daſs in dieser letzten mehre Lesarten vorkommen, die vor den in jene aufgenommenen den Vorzug verdienen. Bei den folgenden Theilen werde ich es mir daher zur Pflicht machen, aus jenen Ausgaben bei Verschiedenheit der Lesarten die aufzunehmen, die mir die besseren zu sein scheinen: denn wenn ein Ausländer auch nicht weiter gehen darf, so wird und muſs ihm doch dieser Schritt erlaubt sein. — Der letzte Band wird in gedrängter Kürze die erklärenden Anmerkungen der vorzüglichsten Englischen Herausgeber des Shakspeare enthalten. Braunschweig, im August 1797.

Wagner.

SOME

SOME

ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE, etc.

OF

WILIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WRITTEN BY MR. ROWE.

IT seems to be a kind of respect due to the memory of excellent men, especially of those whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver some account of themselves, as well as their works, to posterity. For this reason, how fond do we see some people of discovering any little personal story of the great men of antiquity! their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their shape, make, and features, have been the subject of critical inquiries. How trifling soever this curiosity may seem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly satisfied with an account of any remarkable person, till we have heard him described even to the very cloaths he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an author may sometimes conduce to the better understanding his book; and though the works of Mr. Shakspeare may seem to many not to want a comment, yet I fancy some little account of the man himself may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the son of Mr. John Shakspeare, and was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, in April 1564. His family, as appears by the register and publick writings relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large

a family, ten children in all, that though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for some time at a free-school, where, it is probable, he acquired what Latin he was master of: but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controversy, that in his works we scarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the ancients. The delicacy of his taste, and the natural bent of his own great genius, (equal, if not superior, to some of the best of theirs,) would certainly have led him to read and study them with so much pleasure, that some of their fine images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mixed with his own writings; so that his not copying at least something from them, may be an argument of his never having read them. Whether his ignorance of the ancients were a disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a dispute: for though the knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctness, might have restrained some of that fire, impetuosity, and even beautiful extravagance, which we admire in Shakspeare: and I believe we are better pleased with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination supplied him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful passages out of the Greek and Latin poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a master of the English language to deliver them.

Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father

proposed to him; and in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of settlement he continued for some time, till an extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest *geniuses* that ever was known in dramatick poetry. He had by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too feverely; and in order to revenge that ill ufage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in London.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the playhouse. He was received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer. His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of

parts he used to play; and though I have inquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet.* I should have been much more pleased, to have learned from certain authority, which was the first play he wrote; it would be without doubt a pleasure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to see and know what was the first essay of a fancy like Shakspeare's. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that, for aught I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in them, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was so loose and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but that what he thought, was commonly so great, so justly and rightly conceived in itself, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approved by an impartial judgment at the first sight. But though the order of time in which the several pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are passages in some few of them which seem to fix their dates. So the *Chorus* at the end of the fourth act of *Henry the Fifth*, by a compliment very handsomely turned to the earl of Essex, shews the play to have been written when that lord was general for the queen in Ireland: and his elogy upon queen Elizabeth, and her successor king James, in the latter end of his *Henry the Eighth*, is a proof of that play's being written after the accession of the latter of those two princes to the crown of England. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diversions of this kind, could not

but be highly pleased to see a genius arise amongst them of so pleasurable, so rich a vein, and so plentifully capable of furnishing their favourite entertainments. Besides the advantages of his wit, he was in himself a good-natured man, of great sweetness in his manners, and a most agreeable companion; so that it is no wonder, if, with so many good qualities, he made himself acquainted with the best conversations of those times. Queen Elizabeth had several of his plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour: it is that maiden princess plainly, whom he intends by

—*a fair vestal, throned by the west. M. N. D.*

and that whole passage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handsomely applied to her. She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in The Two Parts of *Henry the Fourth*, that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing *The Merry-Wives of Windsor.* How well she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable proof. Upon this occasion it may not be improper to observe, that this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of *Oldcastle:* some of that family being then remaining, the queen was pleased to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of Falstaff. The present offence was indeed avoided; but I do not know whether the author may not have been somewhat to blame in his second choice, since it is certain that Sir John Falstaff, who was a knight of the garter, and a lieutenant-general, was a name of distinguished merit in the wars in France in Henry the Fifth's and Henry the Sixth's times. What grace soever the queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the fortune which the reputation of

his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendship from the earl of Southampton, famous in the histories of that time for his friendship to the unfortunate earl of Essex. It was to that noble lord that he dedicated his poem of *Venus and Adonis*. There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakspeare's, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted; that my lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse generosity the present age has shewn to French dancers and Italian singers.

What particular habitude or friendships he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one, who had a true taste of merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him. His exceeding candour and good-nature must certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with Ben Jonson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature. Mr. Jonson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelesly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company; when Shakspeare luckily cast his eye upon it,

and found something so well in it, as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the publick. Jonson was certainly a very good scholar, and in that had the advantage of Shakspeare; though at the same time I believe it must be allowed, that what nature gave the latter, was more than a balance for what books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occasion was, I think, very just and proper. In a conversation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr. Hales of Eton, and Ben Jonson, Sir John Suckling, who was a professed admirer of Shakspeare, had undertaken his defence against Ben Jonson with some warmth; Mr. Hales, who had sat still for some time, told them, *That if Mr. Shakſpeare had not read the ancients, he had likewise not stolen any thing from them; and that if he would produce any one topick finely treated by any one of them, he would undertake to shew something upon the same subject at least as well written by Shakspeare.*

The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleasurable wit and good-nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongst them, it is a story almost still remembered in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury: it happened, that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr Combe told Shakspeare in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intend-

ed to write his epitaph, if he happened to outlive him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately; upon which Shakspeare gave him these four verses:

Ten in the hundred *lies here ingrav'd;*
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd:
If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
Oh! ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.

He died in the 53d year of his age, and was buried on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument is placed in the wall. On his grave-stone underneath is,

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

He had three daughters, of which two lived to be married; Judith, the elder, to one Mr. Thomas Quiney, by whom she had three sons, who all died without children; and Susanna, who was his favourite, to Dr. John Hall, a physician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married first to Thomas Nashe, esq. and afterwards to Sir John Bernard of Abington, but died likewise without issue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himself or family: the character of the man is best seen in his writings. But since Ben Jonson has made a sort of an essay towards it in his *Discoveries*, I will give it in his words:

„I remember the players have often mentioned „it as an honour to Shakspeare, that in writing „(whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, *Would he had blot-*

„*ted a thousand!* which they thought a malevolent „speech. I had not told posterity this, but for „their ignorance, who chose that circumstance „to commend their friend by, wherein he most „faulted: and to justify mine own candour, for „I loved the man, and do honour his memory, „on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, „indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature, „had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and „gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that „facility, that sometimes it was necessary he „should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Au- „gustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own „power; would the rule of it had been so too. „Many times he fell into those things which could „not escape laughter; as when he said in the „person of Caesar, one speaking to him,

„*Caesar thou dost me wrong,*

„He replied:

„*Caesar did never wrong, but with just cause.*

„and such like, which were ridiculous. But he „redeemed his vices with his virtues: there was „ever more in him to be praised than to be par- „doned."

As for the passage which he mentions out of Shakspeare, there is somewhat like it in *Julius Caesar*, but without the absurdity; nor did I ever meet with it in any edition that I have seen, as quoted by Mr. Jonson.

Besides his plays in this edition, there are two or three ascribed to him by Mr. Langbaine, which I have never seen, and know nothing of. He writ likewise *Venus and Adonis*, and *Tarquin and Lucrece*, in stanzas, which have been printed in a late collection of poems. As to the character given of him by Ben Jonson, there is a good deal true in it: but I believe it may be as well expressed by what Horace says of the first Romans, who

wrote tragedy upon the Greek models, (or indeed translated them,) in his epistle to Augustus:

— naturâ sublimis et acer:
Nam spirat tragicum satis, et feliciter audet,
Sed turpem putat in chartis metuitquè lituram.

As I have not proposed to myself to enter into a large and complete criticism upon Shakspeare's works, so I will only take the liberty, with all due submission to the judgment of others, to observe some of those things I have been pleased with in looking him over.

His plays are properly to be distinguished only into comedies and tragedies. Those which are called histories, and even some of his comedies, are really tragedies, with a run or mixture of comedy amongst them. That way of tragi-comedy was the common mistake of that age, and is indeed become so agreeable to the English taste, that though the severer criticks among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences seem to be better pleased with it than with an exact tragedy. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *The Taming of a Shrew*, are all pure comedy; the rest, however they are called, have something of both kinds. It is not very easy to determine which way of writing he was most excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and though they did not then strike at all ranks of people, as the satire of the present age has taken the liberty to do, yet there is a pleasing and a well-distinguished variety in those characters which he thought fit to meddle with. Falstaff is allowed by every body to be a master-piece; the character is always well sustained, though drawn out into the length of three plays; and even the account of his death, given by his old landlady Mrs. Quickly, in the first act of *Henry*

the Fifth, though it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is, that though he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vain-glorious, and in short every way vicious, yet he has given him so much wit as to make him almost too agreeable; aud I do not know whether some people have not, in remembrance of the diversion he had formerly afforded them, been sorry to see his friend Hal use him so scurvily, when he comes to the crown in the end of *The Second Part of Henry the Fourth*. Amongst other extravagancies, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* he has made him a deer-stealer, that he might at the same time remember his Warwickshire prosecutor, under the name of Justice Shallow; he has given him very near the same coat of arms which Dugdale, in his *Antiquities* of that county, describes for a family there, and makes the Welsh parson descant very pleasantly upon them. That whole play is admirable; the humours are various and well opposed; the main design, which is to cure Ford of his unreasonable jealousy, is extremely well conducted. In *Twelfth-Night* there is something singularly ridiculous and pleasant in the fantastical steward Malvolio. The parasite and the vain-glorious in Parolles, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, is as good as any thing of that kind in *Plautus* or *Terence*. Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humour. The conversation of Benedick and Beatrice, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and of Rosalind, in *As you like it*, have much wit and sprightlinefs all along. His clowns, without which character there was hardly any play writ in that time, are all very entertaining: and, I believe, Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida*, and Apemantus in *Timon*, will be allowed to be master-

pieces of ill-nature, and satirical snarling. To these I might add, that incomparable character of Shylock the Jew, in *The Merchant of Venice;* but though we have seen that play received and acted as a comedy, and the part of the Jew performed by an excellent comedian, yet I cannot but think it was designed tragically by the author. There appears in it such a deadly spirit of revenge, such a savage fiercenefs and fellnefs, and such a bloody designation of cruelty and mischief, as cannot agree either with the stile or characters of comedy. The play itself, take it altogether, seems to me to be one of the most finished of any of Shakspeare's. The tale indeed, in that part relating to the caskets, and the extravagant and unusual kind of bond given by Antonio, is too much removed from the rules of probability; but taking the fact for granted, we must allow it to be very beautifully written. There is something in the friendship of Antonio to Bassanio very great, generous, and tender. The whole fourth act (supposing, as I said, the fact to be probable) is extremely fine. But there are two passages that deserve a particular notice. The first is, what Portia says in praise of mercy, and the other on the power of musick. The melancholy of Jaques, in *As you like it*, is as singular and odd as it is diverting. And if, what Horace says,

Difficile est proprie communia dicere,

it will be a hard task for any one to go beyond him in the description of the several degrees and ages of man's life, though the thought be old, and common enough.

—— All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,

Mewting

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
Then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistreſs' eye-brow. Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Ev'n in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again tow'rd childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishneſs, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

His images are indeed every where so lively, that the thing he would represent stands full before you, and you poſseſs every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as strong and as uncommon as any thing I ever saw; it is an image of Patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he says,

— She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
And sate like Patience *on a monument,*
Smiling at Grief.

What an image is here given! and what a task would it have been for the greatest masters of Greece and Rome to have expressed the passions designed by this sketch of statuary! The stile of his comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and easy in itself; and the wit most commonly sprightly and pleasing, except in those places where he runs into doggerel rhimes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and some other plays. As for his jingling sometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he lived in: and if we find it in the pulpit, made use of as an ornament to the sermons of some of the gravest divines of those times, perhaps it may not be thought too light for the stage.

But certainly the greatneſs of this author's genius does no where so much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire loose, and raises his fancy to a flight above mankind, and the limits of the visible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempest*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of these, *The Tempest*, however it comes to be placed the first by the publishers of his works, can never have been the first written by him: it seems to me as perfect in its kind, as almost any thing we have of his. One may observe, that the unities are kept here, with an exactneſs uncommon to the liberties of his writing; though that was what, I suppose, he valued himself least upon, since his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very sensible that he does, in this play, depart too much from that likeneſs to truth which ought to be observed in these sort of writings; yet he does it so very finely, that one is easily drawn in to have more faith for his sake, than reason does well allow of. His magick has something in it very solemn, and very poetical: and that extravagant character

of Caliban is mighty well sustained, shews a wonderful invention in the author, who could strike out such a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon grotesques that ever was seen. The observation, which I have been informed three very great men concurred in making upon this part, was extremely just; that *Shakspeare had not only found out a new character in his* Caliban, *but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character.*

It is the same magick that raises the Fairies in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Macbeth*, an the Ghost in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language so proper to the parts they sustain, and so peculiar to the talent of this writer. But of the two last of these plays I shall have occasion to take notice, among the tragedies of Mr. Shakspeare. If one undertook to examine the greatest part of these by those rules which are established by Aristotle, and taken from the model of the Grecian stage, it would be no very hard task to find a great many faults; but as Shakspeare lived under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of those written precepts, so it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to consider him as a man that lived in a state of almost universal licence and ignorance: there was no established judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one considers, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the present stage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he should advance dramatick poetry so far as he did. The fable is what is generally placed the first, among those that are reckoned the constituent parts

of a tragick or heroick poem; not, perhaps, as it is the most difficult or beautiful, but as it is the first properly to be thought of in the contrivance and course of the whole; and with the fable ought to be considered the fit disposition, order, and conduct of its several parts. As it is not in this province of the drama that the strength and mastery of Shakspeare lay, so I shall not undertake the tedious and ill-natured trouble to point out the several faults he was guilty of in it. His tales were seldom invented, but rather taken either from the true history, or novels and romances: and he commonly made use of them in that order, with those incidents, and that extent of time in which he found them in the authors from whence he borrowed them. So *the Winter's Tale*, which is taken from an old book, called *the Delectable History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, contains the space of sixteen or seventeen years, and the scene is sometimes laid in Bohemia, and sometimes in Sicily, according to the original order of the story. Almost all his historical plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and distinct places: and in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the scene travels over the greatest part of the Roman empire. But in recompense for his carelessnefs in this point, when he comes to another part of the drama, *the manners of his characters, in acting or speaking what is proper for them, and fit to be shewn by the poet*, he may be generally justified, and in very many places greatly commended. For those plays which he has taken from the English or Roman history, let any man compare them, and he will find the character as exact in the poet as the historian. He seems indeed so far from proposing to himself any one action for a subject, that the title very often tells you, it is *The Life of King John, King*

Richard, etc. What can be more agreeable to the idea our historians give of *Henry the Sixth*, than the picture Shakspeare has drawn of him! His manners are every where exactly the same with the story; one finds him still described with simplicity, passive sanctity, want of courage, weakneſs of mind, and easy submission to the governance of an imperious wife, or prevailing faction: though at the same time the poet does justice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by shewing him pious, disinterested, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly resigned to the severest dispensations of God's providence. There is a short scene in the *Second Part of Henry the Sixth*, which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal Beaufort, who had murdered the Duke of Gloucester, is shewn in the last agonies on his death-bed, with the good king praying over him. There is so much terror in one, so much tenderneſs and moving piety in the other, as must touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his *Henry the Eighth*, that prince is drawn with that greatneſs of mind, and all those good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not shewn in an equal degree, and the shades in this picture do not bear a just proportion to the lights, it is not that the artist wanted either colours or skill in the disposition of them; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to queen Elizabeth, since it could have been no very great respect to the memory of his mistreſs, to have exposed some certain parts of her father's life upon the stage. He has dealt much more freely with the minister of that great king; and certainly nothing was ever more justly written, than the character of Cardinal Wolsey. He has

shewn him insolent in his prosperity; and yet, by a wonderful addreſs, he makes his fall and ruin the subject of general compassion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly described in the second scene of the fourth act. The distresses likewise of Queen Catharine, in this play, are very movingly touched; and though the art of the poet has screened King Henry from any groſs imputation of injustice, yet one is inclined to wish, the Queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the manners, proper to the persons represented, leſs justly observed, in those characters taken from the Roman history; and of this, the fierceneſs and impatience of Coriolanus, his courage and disdain of the common people, the virtue and philosophical temper of Brutus, and the irregular greatneſs of mind in M. Antony, are beautiful proofs. For the two last especially, you find them exactly as they are described by Plutarch, from whom certainly Shakspeare copied them. He has indeed followed his original pretty close, and taken in several little incidents that might have been spared in a play. But, as I hinted before, his design seems most commonly rather to describe those great men in the several fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any single great action, and form his work simply upon that. However, there are some of his pieces, where the fable is founded upon one action only. Such are more especially, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The design in *Romeo and Juliet* is plainly the punishment of their two families, for the unreasonable feuds and animosities that had been so long kept up between them, and occasioned the effusion of so much blood. In the management of this story, he has shewn something

wonderfully tender and passionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in the distreſs. *Hamlet* is founded on much the same tale with the *Electra of Sophocles.* In each of them a young prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father, their mothers are equally guilty, are both concerned in the murder of their husbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is in the first part of the Greek tragedy something very moving in the grief of Electra; but, as Mr. Dacier has observed, there is something very unnatural and shocking in the manners he has given that Princeſs and Orestes in the latter part. Orestes imbrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is performed, though not immediately upon the stage, yet so near, that the audience hear Clytemnestra crying out to Aegysthus for help, and to her son for mercy: while Electra her daughter, and a Princeſs, (both of them characters that ought to have appeared with more decency,) stands upon the stage, and encourages her brother in the parricide. What horror does this not raise! Clytemnestra was a wicked woman, and had deserved to die; nay, in the truth of the story, she was killed by her own son: but to represent an action of this kind on the stage, is certainly an offence against those rules of manners proper to the persons, that ought to be observed there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of Shakspeare. Hamlet is represented with the same piety towards his father, and resolution to revenge his death, as Orestes; he has the same abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heightened by incest: but it is with wonderful art and justneſs of judgment, that the poet restrains him from doing violence to his mother.

To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's Ghost forbid that part of his vengeance:

But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.

This is to distinguish rightly between *horror* and *terror*. The latter is a proper passion of tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramatick writer ever succeeded better in raising *terror* in the minds of an audience than Shakspeare has done. The whole tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more especially the scene where the King is murdered, in the second act, as well as this play, is a noble proof of that manly spirit with which he writ; and both shew how powerful he was, in giving the strongest motions to our souls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the advantage with which we have seen this master-piece of Shakspeare distinguish itself upon the stage, by Mr. Betterton's fine performance of that part: A man, who, though he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, must have made his way into the esteem of all men of letters, by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with Shakspeare's manner of expression, and indeed he has studied him so well, and is so much a master of him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpose for him, and that the author had exactly conceived it as he plays it. I must own a particular obligation to him, for the most considerable part of the passages relat-

ing to this life, which I have here transmitted to the publick; his veneration for the memory of Shakspeare having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickshire, on purpose to gather up what remains he could, of a name for which he had so great a veneration.

To the foregoing Accounts of SHAKSPEARE'*s* Life, *I have only one Passage to add, which Mr.* Pope *related, as communicated to him by Mr.* Rowe.

In the time of Elizabeth, coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant businefs or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play, and when Shakspeare fled to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the playhouse, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readinefs, that in a short time every man as he alighted called for Will. Shakspeare, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will. Shakspeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakspeare, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will. Shakspeare was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, *I am Shakspeare's boy, Sir.* In time Shakspeare found higher employment; but as long as the practice of riding to the play-house continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of, *Shakspeare's boys.* JOHNSON.

SHAKSPEARE'S COAT OF ARMS.

The following instrument is copied from the original in the College of Heralds: It is marked G. 13. p. 349.

To all and singuler noble and gentlemen of all estats and degrees, bearing arms, to whom these presents shall come, William Dethick, Garter, Principall King of Arms of England, and William Camden, alias Clarencieulx, King of Arms for the south, east, and west parts of this realme, sendethe greeting. Know ye, that in all nations and kingdoms the record and remembraunce of the valeant facts and vertuous dispositions of worthie men have been made knowne and divulged by certeyne shields of arms and tokens of chevalrie; the grant and testemonie whereof apperteyneth unto us, by vertu of our offices from the Quenes most Exc. Majestie, and her Highenes most noble and victorious progenitors: wherefore being solicited, and by credible report informed, that John Shakspeare, now of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the counte of Warwick, gent. whose parent, great grandfather, and late antecessor, for his faithefull and approved service to the late most prudent prince, king Henry VII. of famous memorie, was advaunced and rewarded with lands and tenements, geven to him in those parts of Warwickshere, where they have continewed by some descents in good reputacion and credit; and for that the said John Shakspeare having maryed the daughter and one of the heyrs of Robert Arden of Wellingcote, in the said countie, and also produced this his auncient cote of arms, heretofore assigned to him whilest he was her Majesties officer and baylefe of that towne; In consideration of the premisses, and for the encouragement of his pos-

teritie, unto whom suche blazon of arms and achevements of inheritance from theyre said mother, by the auncyent custome and lawes of arms, maye lawfully descend; We the said Garter and Clarencieulx have assigned, graunted, and by these presents exemplefied unto the said John Shakspeare, and to his posteritie, that shield and cote of arms, *viz. In a field of gould upon a bend sables a speare of the first, the poynt upward, hedded argent;* and for his crest or cognisance, *A falcon with his wyngs displayed, standing on a wrethe of his coullers, supporting a speare armed hedded, or steeled sylver*, fyxed uppon a helmet with mantell and tassells, as more playnely maye appeare depected on this margent; and we have likewise uppon an other escucheon impaled the same with the auncyent arms of the said Arden of Wellingcote; signifieng therby, that it maye and shalbe lawfull for the said John Shakspeare, gent. to beare and use the same shield of arms, single or impaled, as aforsaid, during his naturall lyffe; and that it shalbe lawfull for his children, yssue, and posteryte, (lawfully begotten,) to beare, use, and quarter, and show forth the same, with theyre dewe differences, in all lawfull warlyke facts and civile use or exercises, according to the lawes of arms, and custome that to gentlemen belongethe, without let or interuption of any person or persons, for use or bearing the same. In wyttnesse and testemonye whereof we have subscrebed our names, and fastened the seals of our offices, geven at the Office of Arms, London, the day of in the XLII yere of the reigne of our most gratious Sovraigne lady Elizabeth, by the grace of God, quene of Ingland, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, etc. 1599.

SHAKSPEARE'S WILL,

Extracted from the Registry of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Vicesimo quinto die Martii, Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliae, etc. decimo quarto et Scotiae quadragesimo nono. Anno Domini 1616.

In the name of God, Amen. I William Shakspeare of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent. in perfect health and memory, (God be praised!) do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following; that is to say:

First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof that is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion within one year after my decease, with considerations after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof, upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant, all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath, of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowing-

ton, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, and her heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid: and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Hart, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors and assigns, she living the said term after my decease; provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at and after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, land answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty

pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve-pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, — Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds apiece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate, (except my broad silver and gilt boxes,) that I now have at the date of this my will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword; to Thomas Russel, esq. five pounds; and to Francis Collins of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent. thirteen pounds six shillings and eight-pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlet [*Hamnet*] Sadler twenty-six shillings eight-pence to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent. twenty-six shillings eight-pence to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash, gent. twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to Mr. John Nash twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to my fellows, John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, twenty-six shillings eight-pence apiece to buy them rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, for the better enabling of her to perform this my will, and to-

wards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley-street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, reserved, preserved, or taken, within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bish-opton, and Welcombe, or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being, in the Blackfriars in London near the Wardrobe; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever; to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her decease to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs to the third son of the body of the said Susanna lawfully issuing, and of the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the

first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakspeare for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my brown best bed with the furniture.

Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bole. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and houshold-stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expences discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent. and my daughter Susanna his wife, who I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do entreat and appoint the said Thomas Russel, esq. and Francis Collins, gent. to be overseers hereof. And do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witneſs whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above-written.

By me WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Witneſs to the publishing hereof, FR. COLLINS, JULIUS SHAW, JOHN ROBINSON, HAMNET SADLER, ROBERT WHATTCOTT.

Probatum fuit testamentum suprascriptum apud London, coram Magistro William Byrde, Legum Doctore Commissario, etc. vicesimo secundo die mensis Junii, Anno Domini 1616; juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. cui, etc. de bene, etc. jurat. reservata potestate, etc. Susannae Hall alt. ex. etc. eam cum venerit, etc. petitur, etc.

TEMPEST.

*** The Tempest* and *The Midsummer's Night's Dream* are the noblest efforts of that sublime and amazing imagination peculiar to Shakspeare, which soars above the bounds of nature without forsaking sense; or, more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her established limits. Fletcher seems particularly to have admired these two plays, and hath wrote two in imitation of them, *The Sea Voyage* and *The Faithful Shepherdess*. But when he presumes to break a lance with Shakspeare, and write in emulation of him, as he does in *The False One*, which is the rival of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, he is not so succesful. After him, Sir John Suckling and Milton catched the brightest fire of their imagination from these two plays; which shines fantastically indeed in *The Goblins*, but much more nobly and serenely in *The Mask at Ludlow-Castle*. WARBURTON.

No one has been hitherto lucky enough to discover the romance on which Shakspeare may be supposed to have founded this play, the beauties of which could not secure it from the criticism of Ben Jonson, whose malignity appears to have been more than equal to his wit. In the induction to *BartholomewFair*, he says: „If there be never a *servant monster* in the fair, who can help it, nor a „nest of *antiques*? He is loth to make nature afraid in his „plays, like those that beget *Tales, Tempests*, and such „like drolleries." STEEVENS.

I was informed by the late Mr. Collins of Chichester, that Shakspeare's TEMPEST, for which no origin is yet assigned, was formed on a romance called AURELIO and ISABELLA, printed in Italian, Spanish, French and English, in 1588. But though this information has not proved true on examination, an useful conclusion may be drawn from it, that Shakspeare's story is somewhere to be found in an Italian novel, at least that the story preceded Shakspeare. Mr. Collins had searched this subject with no less fidelity than judgement and industry; but his memory failing in his last calamitous indisposition, he probably gave me the name of one novel for another. I remember he added a circumstance, which may lead to a discovery, — that the principal character of the romance, answering to Shakspeare's Prospero, was a chemical necromancer, who had bound a spirit like Ariel to obey his call, and perform his services. It was a common

pretence of dealers in the occult sciences to have a demon at command. At least Aurelio, or Orelio, was probably one of the names of this romance, the production and multiplicity of gold being the grand object of alchemy. Taken at large, the magical part of the TEMPEST is founded on that sort of philosophy which was practised by John Dee and his associates, and has been called the Rosicrucian. The name Ariel came from the Talmudistick mysteries with which the learned Jews hat infected this Science. T. WARTON.

Mr. Theobald tells us, that the *Tempest* must have been written after 1609, because the Bermuda islands, which are mentioned in it, were unknown to the English until that year; but this is a mistake. He might have seen in Hackluyt, 1600, folio, a description of Bermuda, by Henry May, who was shipwrecked there in 1593.

It was however one of our author's last works. In 1598 he played a part in the original *Every Man in his Humour*. Two of the characters are *Prospero* and *Stephano*. Here Ben Jonson taught him the pronunciation of the latter word, which is always *right* in the *Tempest*:

„Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?"

And always *wrong* in his earlier play, the *Merchant of Venice*, which had been on the stage at least two or three years before its publication in 1600:

„My friend *Stephano*, signify, I pray you," etc.

— So little did a late editor know of his author, when he idly supposed his *school literature* might perhaps have been lost by the *dissipation of youth*, or the *busy scenes* of publick life! FARMER.

This play must have been written after 1609, when Bermudas was discovered, and before 1614, when Jonson sneers at it in his *Bartholomew Fair*. In the latter plays of Shakspeare, he has lefs of pun and quibble than in his early ones. In *The Merchant of Venice* he exprefsly declares against them. This perhaps might be one criterion to discover the dates of his plays. BLACKSTONE.

See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays.*

E. MALONE.

Persons Represented. *

ALONSO, *king of* Naples.
SEBASTIAN, *his brother.*
PROSPERO, *the rightful duke of* Milan.
ANTHONIO, *his brother, the usurping duke of* Milan.
FERDINAND, *son to the king of* Naples.
GONZALO, *an honest old counsellor of* Naples.
ADRIAN, } *lords.*
FRANCISCO, }
CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed slave.*
TRINCULO, *a jester.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken butler.*
Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, *daughter to* Prospero.

ARIEL, *an airy spirit.*
IRIS, }
CERES, }
JUNO, } *spirits.*
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }

Other spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, the sea, with a ship; afterwards an uninhabited island.

* This enumeration of persons is taken from the folio 1623.

STEEVENS.

TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

On a ship at sea.
A storm with thunder and lightning.

Enter a Ship-master *and* a Boatswain.

Mast. Boatswain, —

Boats. Here, master: What cheer?

Mast. Good; Speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*]

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the topsail; Tend to the master's whistle: — Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTHONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. — Cheerly, good hearts. — Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*]

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt*]

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast; yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office. —

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTHONIO *and* GONZALO.

Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker, we are leſs afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners *wet.*

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!
[*Exeunt.*]

Boats. What must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. —
This wide-chopp'd rascal; — Would thou might'st lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us! — We split! we split! — Farewell, my wife and children! — Farewell, brother! — We split, we split, we split.

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*]

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*]

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing: The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The inchanted island: before the cell of Prospero.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,

Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me. — So;
[*Lays down his mantle.*]
Lie there my art. — Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul —.
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootlefs inquisition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.* —

Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said — thou wast my daughter! and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princeſs; — no worse issued.

Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly holp hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,

Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, called Anthonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,— that a brother should
Be so perfidious!— he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I say, or chang'd them,
Or else new form'd them: having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.— Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, and dedicated
To closeneſs, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,

But what my power might else exact, — like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was, indeed, the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: — Hence his ambition growing, —
Dost thou hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafneſs.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man! — my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates,
So dry he was for sway, with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu of the premises, —
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute, —
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levy'd, one midnight

Fated to the purpose, did Anthonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i'the dead of darkneſs,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further.
And then I'll bring thee to the present busineſs
Which now's upon us; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the busineſs; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcaſs of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up

Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much: so, of his gentleneſs,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now, I arise: —
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mir. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth. —
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dullneſs,
And give it way; --I know thou canst not choose. --
[*Miranda sleeps.*]

Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bad thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards and boltsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-out-running were not: The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring, (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.

Pro Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Pro. Close by, my master.
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how hast thou dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?
Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.
Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?
Ari. Past the mid season.
Pro. At least two glasses: The time 'twixit six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now! moody?
What is't thou can'st demand?
Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.
Ari. I pray thee,
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me busineſs in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age, and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pro. Thou hast: Where was she born? speak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pro. Oh, was she so? I must
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argir,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, sir.
Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,

Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent
thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born,) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like a nymph o'the sea;
be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible

To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in it: go, hence, with diligence.
[*Exit* ARIEL.]
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mira. The strangeneſs of your story put
Heavineſs in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miſs him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*within.*] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other buſineſs for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL, *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*]

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd

As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the lefs,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile;
Curs'd be I, that did so! — All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindnefs: I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee,
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho! — 'would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodnefs will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes

With words that made them known: But thy vild race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: The red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed hence!
Fetch us in fewel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee! —
I must obey: his art is of such power, [*Aside*]
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence! [*Exit* CALIBAN.]

Re-enter ARIEL *invisible, playing and singing;* FERDINAND *following him.*

Ariel's Song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist)
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*dispersedly.*]
The watch-dogs bark:
bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*dispersedly.*]
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this musick be? i' the air, or the earth?
It sounds no more: — and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This musick crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather: — But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel sings. *Full fathom five thy father lies;*
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls, that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark, now I hear them, — ding-dong bell. [*Burden*, ding-dong.]

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father: —
This is no mortal businefs, nor no sound
That the earth owes: — I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.

Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form: — But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*]
As my soul prompts it: — Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddefs
On whom these airs attend! — Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, o you wonder!
If you be made, or no?

Mira. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens! —
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't: — At the first sight [*Aside.*]
They have chang'd eyes. — Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. — A word, good sir;
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that I saw e'er; the first,
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir; one word more. —
They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*]
Make the prize light. — One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me. — [*to* FERD.]
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. — Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*]

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor! Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st, there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban; Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey: [*to* FERDINAND.]
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I, in such a prison.

Pro. It works: — Come on. —
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! — Follow me. —
[*to* FERD. *and* MIR.]
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [*to* ARIEL.]

Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free

As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTHONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and* *Others.*

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loſs: Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir, —

Seb. One: — Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer —

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord, —

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet —

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert, —

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So, you've pay'd.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

Seb. Yet,

Adr. Yet —

Ant. He could not miſs it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the graſs looks? how green?

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, (which is indeed almost beyond credit,) —

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their

freshness, and glosses; being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Africk, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Aeneas too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis, at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense: 'Would I had never
Marry'd my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran. Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loſs;
That would not bleſs our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and impórtun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between lothneſs and obedience, at

Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this busineſs' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o' the loſs.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleneſs,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow it with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, What would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:—

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets thee beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foizon, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man: all idle; whores, and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excell the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highneſs; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL *invisible, playing solemn musick.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but* ALON. SEB. *and* ANT.]

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.
Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.
Alon. Thank you: Wond'rous heavy. —
[ALONSO *sleeps. Exit* ARIEL.]
Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them?
Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.
Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian? — o, what might? — No more: —
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou did'st say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep, die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well; I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whilst thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,) the king, his son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unleſs the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;
And, by that, destin'd to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this? — How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel*
Measure us back to Naples? — Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake! — Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples,
As well, as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement? Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience —

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candy'd be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's, dead;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. [*They converse apart.*]

Musick. Re-enter ARIEL *invisible.*

Ariel. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,
For else his project dies, to keep them living.
[*Sings in* Gonzalo's *ear.*]

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake of slumber, and beware;
Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!
[*They wake.*]

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. Whiles whe stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: — there was a noise,
That's verity: 'Tis best we stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground: and let's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.
Alon. Lead away.
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done: [*Aside*
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. *exeunt*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the island.
Enter CALIBAN *with a burden of wood:*
A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiſs me into madneſs: — Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. — What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very antient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, (as once I was,) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffer'd by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no

other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows: I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. *I shall no more to sea, to sea,*
Here shall I die a-shore; —
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:
Well, here's my comfort. [*drinks.*]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:

For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang:
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort. [*drinks.*]

Cal. Do not torment me: Oh!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went upon four legs cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest: He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be — But he is drown'd: and these are devils: O! defend me!

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come, — Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano, —

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! — if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo; — be not afeard, — thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-

stroke: — But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drown'd. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprights.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'st thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kifs the book: Though thou can'st swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from Heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistrefs shew'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kifs the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light this is a very shallow monster: — I afeard of him? — a very weak

monster: — The man i' the moon? — a most poor credulous monster: — Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the island;
And I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then, down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him, —

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. — but that the poor monster's in drink: An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A most ridiculos monster; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mells from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking. — Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here. — Here; bear my bottle; Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. *Farewell master; farewell, farewell.*
[*Sings drunkenly.*]

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fish;*
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca — Caliban,
Has a new master — Get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, heyday, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before Prospero's *Cell*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be some sports are painful; and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseneſs
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me, as odious; but
The mistreſs, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;
And he's composed of harshneſs. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistreſs
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseneſs
Had ne'er like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
Most busy-leſs, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *at a distance.*

Mira. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had

Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having weary'd you: My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers,)
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda: — O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,

And put it to the foil: But you, o you,
So perfect, and so peerleſs, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glaſs, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-leſs of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of: But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;[1]
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth: — Hear my soul
speak; —
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, o earth, bear witneſs to this sound,
And crown what I profeſs with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that wich breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthineſs, that dare not offer
What I deſire to give; and much leſs take,
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistreſs, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: And now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand!

[*Exeunt* FER. *and* MIR.]

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much busineſs appertaining. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the island.

Enter STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO; CALIBAN *following with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me; — when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else; he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light. — Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good mon calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable: Why, thou debosh'd fish, thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me; wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! — that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again: bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree — The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning has cheated me of te island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou; I would, my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more; — Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatneſs will
Revenge it on him, — for, I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not,. —

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this? Thou scurvy patch! —
I do beseech thy greatneſs, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not shew him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why? what did I? I did nothing: I'll go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie: — Out o' your wits, and hearing too? — A pox o' your bottle! this can sack, and drinking do. — A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. — Pr'ythee stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther. — Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember,
First to possess his books, for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal,
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter! he himself
Calls her a non-pareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daugh-

ter and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys: — Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund: Will you troul the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*]

Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[Ariel *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*]

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thyself in thy likeneſs: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee: — Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That,

That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my musick for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it,
And after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow, — I would I could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and Others.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, Sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with wearineſs,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

[*Aside to* Sebastian.]

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travail, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange musick; and PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the king, etc. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet musick!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

Seb. A living drollery: Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie.
Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,
(For, certes, these are people of the island,)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,

Thou hast said well; for some of you there present,
Are worse than devils. [*Aside.*]

Alon. I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue,) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing. [*Aside.*]

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs. —
Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
Each putter-out on five for one, will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: — no matter since I feel
The best is past: — Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, *like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't,) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men

Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
[*seeing* Alonso, Sebastian *etc. draw their swords.*]
And even with such like valour, men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: But, remember,
(For that's my busineſs to you,) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once,) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder: then to soft musick, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes, and carry out the table.

Pro. [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:

Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done: my high charms
work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)
And his and my lov'd darling.
[*Exit* PRO. *from above.*]

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why
stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did baſs my trespaſs.
Therefore my son i'the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*]

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second. [*Exeunt* SEB. *and* ANT.]

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their
great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits: — I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adri. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Before Prospero's *Cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle,

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the Heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,

When I shall think, or Phoebus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke:
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own. —
What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place.
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, *Come*, and *go*,
And breathe twice; and cry, *so*, *so;*
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mowe:
Do you love me, master? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*]

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i'the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well. —
Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,

Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly. —
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*soft musick.*]

A masque. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pionied and twilled brims,
Which spungy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lafs-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grafs-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grafs'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blefs'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Jun. *Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,*
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. *Earth's increase, and foison plenty;*
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,

In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity, and want, shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestick vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradise.

JUNO *and* CERES *whisper, and send* IRIS *on employment.*

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmlefs looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the nymphs in a gracefoul dance; towards the end whereof Prospero *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pro. I had forgot that foul conspiracy [*Aside.*]
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. [*to the spirits*] Well done; avoid; no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion,
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be chearful, sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. — Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*]

Pro. Come with a thought: — I thank thee: — Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,

I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt musick; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking gofs, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I'the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*]

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL, *loaden with glistering apparel etc.*

Even to roaring: — Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain invisible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmlefs fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-pifs; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you, —

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good, my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak softly;
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool, —

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite lofs.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmlefs fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: See'st thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery: — O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on such luggage? Let it alone,
And do the murther first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. — Mistrefs line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, and't like you grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level* is an excellent pafs of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this,

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about; Prospero *and* Ariel *setting them on.*

Pro. Hey, *Mountain*, hey!

Ari. *Silver!* there it goes, *Silver!*

Pro. *Fury*, *Fury*! there, *Tyrant*, there! hark, hark!

[CAL. STE. *and* TRIN. *are driven out.*]

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE, *the same.*

Enter PROSPERO *in his magick robes, and* ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge, till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,

Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly him,
That you term'd, sir, *The good old lord, Gonzalo;*
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther: Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*]

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printlefs foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault

Set

Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine, and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; oped, and let them
forth
By my so potent art: But this rough magick
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly musick, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn musick.*]

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him*, ALONSO, *with a frantick gesture*, *attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTHONIO *in like manner*, *attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *They all enter the circle which* Prospero *had made*, *and there stand charmed; which* Prospero *observing*, *speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter,
To an unsettled fancy's cure! — Thy brains,
Now useless, boil within thy skull: there stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd. —
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. — The charm dissolves
a-pace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. — O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed. — Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act; —

Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. — Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse, and nature; who, with Sebastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art! — Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me: — Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell; —
[*Exit* Ariel.]
I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan: — quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* Prospero.

Ari. *Where the bee sucks, there suck I;*
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall miſs thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: So, so, so. —
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit* ARI.]

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here; Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r thou be'st he, or no,
Or some inchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madneſs held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all,) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do intreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs: — But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain: — Welcome, my friends all: —
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[*Aside to* SEB. *and* ANT.]
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him. [*Aside.*]

Pro. No: —
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost,
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loſs; and patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loſs, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loſs?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and supportable
To make the dear loſs, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words

Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers FERD. *and* MIRANDA *playing at chefs.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms, you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause.
[Fer. *kneels to* Alon.]
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compafs thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
Mira. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddefs that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal providence, she's mine;
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:
But o, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgivenefs!

Pro. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burthen our remembrances
With a heavinefs that's gone,

Gon. I've inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,

Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands: [*to* Ferd. *and* Mir.]
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so! Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, *with the* Master *and* Boatswain *amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir, here are more of us!
I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown: — Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boatsw. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king, and company: the next, our ship,
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went. [*Aside.*]

Pro. My tricksy spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger: — Say, how came you hither?

Boatsw. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead asleep,
And (how, we know not,) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises

Of roaring, shricking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straitway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?
Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free. } [*Aside.*]

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be chearful,
And think of each thing well. — Come hither, spirit; [*Aside.*]
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell [*Exit* Ari.]. How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, *driving in* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune: — Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are these, my lord Anthonio!
Will money buy them?
Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.
Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true: — This mis-shapen knave, —
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power:
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one,) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkneſs I
Acknowledge mine.
Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.
Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
Seb. He's drunk now: Where had he wine?
Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them? —
How cam'st thou in this pickle?
Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.
Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?
Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?
Ste. I should have been a sore one then.
Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.
[*Pointing to* CALIB.]
Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape: — Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look

To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace: What a thrice-double afs
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where
you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt* CAL. STE. *and* TRIN.]

Pro. Sir, I invite your highnefs, and your train,
To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it,) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this isle: And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. — My Ariel; — chick, —
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! — [*Aside.*]
Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

TWO GENTLEMEN of VERONA.

*** SOME of the incidents in this play may be supposed to have been taken from *The Arcadia*, book I. chap. 6. where Pyrocles consents to head the Helots. (The *Arcadia* was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 23d, 1588, and printed in 1590). The love-adventure of Julia resembles that of Viola in *Twelfth Nigth*, and is indeed common to many of the ancient novels.
STEEVENS.

Mrs. *Lenox* observes, and I think not improbably, that the story of *Protheus* and *Julia* might be taken from a similar one in the *Diana* of *George* of *Montemayor*. — „This pastoral romance," says she, „was translated from the *Spanish* in *Shakspeare's* time." I have seen no earlier translation than that of *Bartholemew Yong*, who dates his dedication in *November* 1598; and *Meres*, in his *Wit's Treasury*, printed the same year, expresfsly mentions the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Indeed, *Montemayor* was translated two or three years before by one *Thomas Wilson*; but this work, I am persuaded, was never published *entirely*; perhaps some parts of it were, or the tale might have been translated by others. However, Mr. Steevens says, very truly, that this kind of love-adventure is frequent in the old *novelists*.
FARMER.

There is no earlier translation of the *Diana* entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, than that of B. Younge, September 1598. Many translations, however, after they were licensed, were capriciously suppressed. Among others, „The Decameron of Mr. John Boccace, Florentine," was „recalled by my lord of Canterbury's command." STEEVENS.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1595. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*.
MALONE.

It is observable, (I know not for what cause,) that the style of this comedy is leſs figurative, and more natural and unaffected than the greater part of this author's, though supposed to be one of the first he wrote. POPE.

It may very well be doubted whether Shakspeare had any other hand in this play than the enlivening it with some speeches an lines thrown in here and there, which are easily distinguished, as being of a different stamp from the rest. HANMER.

To this observation of Mr. Pope, which is very just, Mr. Theobald has added, that this is one of Shakspeare's *worst plays, and is leſs corrupted than any other.* Mr. Upton peremptorily determines, *that if any proof can be drawn from manner and style, this play must be sent packing, and seek for its parent elsewhere. How otherwise,* says he, *do painters distinguish copies from originals? and have not authors their peculiar style and manner, from which a true critick can form as unerring judgment as a painter?* I am afraid this illustration of a critick's science will not prove what is desired. A painter knows a copy from an original by rules somewhat resembling those by which criticks know a translation, which if it be literal, and literal it must be to resemble the copy of a picture, will be easily distinguished. Copies are known from originals, even when the painter copies his own picture; so, if an author should literally translate his work, he would lose the manner of an original.

Mr. Upton confounds the copy of a picture with the imitation of a painter's manner. Copies are easily known; but good imitations are not detected with equal certainty, and are, by the best judges, often mistaken. Nor is it true that the writer has always peculiarities equally distinguishable with those of the painter. The peculiar manner of each arises from the desire, natural to every performer, of facilitating his subsequent works by recurrence to his former ideas; this recurrence produces that repetition which is called habit. The painter, whose work is partly intellectual and partly manual, has habits of the mind, the eye, and the hand; the writer has only habits of the mind. Yet, some painters have differed as much

from themselves as from any other; and I have been told, that there is little resemblance between the first works of Raphael and the last. The same variation may be expected in writers; and if it be true, as it seems, that they are leſs subject to habit, the difference between their works may be yet greater.

But by the internal marks of a composition we may discover the author with probability, though seldom with certainty. When I read this play, I cannot but think that I find, both in the serious and ludicrous scenes, the language and sentiments of Shakspeare. It is not indeed one of his most powerful effusions; it has neither many diversities of character, nor striking delineations of life, but it abounds in *γνωμαὶ* beyond most of his plays, and few have more lines or passages, which, singly considered, are eminently beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe that it was not very succeſsful, and suspect that it has escaped corruption, only because, being seldom played, it was leſs exposed to the hazards of transcription.

JOHNSON.

Persons Represented.

DUKE of MILAN, *father to* Silvia.
VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen of* Verona.
PROTHEUS, }
ANTHONIO, *father to* Protheus.
THURIO, *a foolish rival to* Valentine.
EGLAMOUR, *agent for* Silvia *in her escape.*
SPEED, *a clownish servant to* Valentine.
LAUNCE, *servant to* Protheus.
PANTHINO *, *servant to* Anthonio.
Host, where Julia *lodges in* Milan.
Out-laws.

JULIA, *a lady of* Verona, *beloved by* Protheus.
SILVIA, *the duke's daughter, beloved by* Valentine.
LUCETTA, *waiting-woman to* Julia.
Servants, musicians.

SCENE, sometimes in Verona; *sometimes in* Milan; *and on the frontiers of* Mantua.

* *Panthino,*] In the enumeration of characters in the old copy, this attendant on Anthonio is called *Panthion*, but in the play, always *Panthino.*

TWO

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open place in Verona.

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTHEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Protheus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Protheus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,

Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my succeſs.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander croſs'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swom the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-foresighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapleſs gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,

Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Protheus, no; now let us take our leave.
At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy succefs in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happinefs bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell!
[*Exit* VALENTINE.]

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Protheus, save you: Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd already;
And I have play'd the sheep, in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude, that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, leſs than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod.

Speed. I. [Speed *nods.*]

Pro. Nod, I? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, I.

Pro. And that set together, is — noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: What said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as — *take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck;
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore:—
I must go send some better messenger;
I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthlefs post.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Garden of Julia's *house.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?
Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.
Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?
Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll shew my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.
Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?
Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.
Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?
Luc. Well, of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.
Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Protheus?
Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!
Jul. How now, what means this passion at his name?
Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
Jul. Why not on Protheus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus, — of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not show theit love.

Luc. O, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would, I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. *To Julia*, — Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Protheus:
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, o goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper; see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will you be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*]

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame, to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ay*.
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kifs the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past: —
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time?

Luc. I would, it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you
Took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why did'st thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unlefs it have a false interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhime.
Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.
Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love.*
Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden then.
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach so high.
Jul. Let's see your song: — How now, minion?
Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too saucy,
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.
Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Protheus.
Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation! —
[*Tears the letter.*]
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*]
Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!

Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I'll kiſs each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ — *kind Julia;* — unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ — *love-wounded Protheus:* —
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiſs.
But twice, or thrice, was Protheus written down?
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ, —
Poor forlorn Protheus, passionate Protheus,
To the sweet Julia; — that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiſs, embrace, contend, do what you will,

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Anthonio's *House.*

Enter Anthonio *and* Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Protheus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Protheus, your son, was meet;
And did request me, to impórtune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much impórtune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loſs of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and noblenefs of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Protheus go:
And, in good time, — now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happinefs with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go. —
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.
[*Exeunt* ANTHONIO *and* PANTHINO.]
Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Protheus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Milan. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine: —
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learn'd, like sir Protheus, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a Robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep,

like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistreſs, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without you.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st het not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man 'counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at sir Protheus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; aud you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so, your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them: — Peace, here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistreſs, a thousand good morrows.

Speed. O, give ye good even! here's a million of manners. [*Aside.*]

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the secret nameleſs friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet, —

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I gueſs the sequel;
And yet I will not name it: — and yet I care not; —
And yet take this again; — and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet. [*Aside.*]

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes! the lines are very quaintly writ:
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over:
And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam; what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good-morrow, servant. [*Exit* SIL.]

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir: But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would, it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover. —
All this I speak in print; for in print I found it. —
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the cameleon love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat: O, be not like your mistreſs; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Verona. *A Room in* Julia's *House.*

Enter PROTHEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*giving a ring.*]

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kifs.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulnefs!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should;
Julia, farewell. — What! gone without a word? [*Exit* Jul.]
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter Panthino.

Pant. Sir Protheus, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come: —
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Street.

Enter Launce, *leading a dog.*

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Protheus to the imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing

her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruelhearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father; — no, this left shoe is my father; — no, no, this left shoe is my mother; — nay, that cannot be so neither; — yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole: This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, an this my father; A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog: — no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog, — oh, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing;* now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kifs my father; well, he weeps on: now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood woman; — well, I kifs her; — why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

P*ant.* Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, afs; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pant. What's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service, — Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail?

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tide? Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pant. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Milan. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

Sil. Servant, —

Val. Mistreſs?

Speed. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistreſs then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?
Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.
Duke. Know you Don Anthonio, your countryman?
Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.
Duke. Hath he not a son?
Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.
Duke. You know him well?
Val. I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To cloath mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath sir Protheus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empreſs' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.

Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a-while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth;
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, sir Thurio: —
For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it:
I'll send him hither to you presently.

[*Exit* Duke.]

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistreſs
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself;
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter Protheus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Protheus! — Mistreſs, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistreſs, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistreſs for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistreſs.
Val. Leave off discourse of disability: —
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthleſs mistreſs.
Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthleſs.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.
Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit* Serv.]
Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me: — Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt* SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.]
Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.
Val. Ay, Protheus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;

For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Protheus, love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confefs,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistrefs.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour, —
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kifs,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Protheus: all I can, is nothing

To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happineſs.
Good Protheus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will. — [*Exit* VALENT.]
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonleſs, to reason thus?
She's fair: and so is Julia, that I love; —

That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without abvice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compaſs her I'll use my skill. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

A Street.

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always — that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hosteſs say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an afs art thou? I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not? My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whorson afs, thou mistakest me.

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an

Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a Christian: Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PROTHEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loſs,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend;
For love is still more precious in itself;

And Silvia, witnefs heaven, that made her fair!
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine: —
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor:
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly crofs,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!
[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

Verona. *A Room in* Julia's *House.*

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta: gentle girl, assist me!
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee, —
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly charácter'd and engrav'd, —
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Protheus.
Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much lefs shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as sir Protheus.

Luc.

Luc. Better forbear, till Protheus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns:
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musick with the enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kifs to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:

To be fantastick, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as — „ tell me, good my lord,
What compaſs will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even that fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unleſs you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Protheus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Protheus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Protheus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Milan. *An Ante-room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, THURIO, *and* PROTHEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about. —
[*Exit* THURIO].
Now, tell me, Protheus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.

I know, you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To croſs my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would preſs you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeleſs grave.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,
(A rashneſs that I ever yet have shunn'd,)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*]

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd;)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometime scorns what best contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean, *away*:
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath accefs by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.
Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?
Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.
Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.
Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.
Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.
Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?
Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.
Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?
Val. Ay, my good lord.
Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.
Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak? —
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me. —
What letter is this same? What's here? — *To Silvia?*

And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*reads.*]
My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them impórtune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be.
What's here?
Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:
'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose —
Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son,)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit* Duke.]

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banish'd from myself;

And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unlefs it be, to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no musick in the nightingale;
Unlefs I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTHEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What see'st thou?

Launce. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom would'st thou strike?

Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Lauuce. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you, —

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.
Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.
Val. Is Silvia dead?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia! —
Hath she forsworn me?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me! —
What is your news?
Launce. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vanish'd.
Pro. That thou art banish'd, O, that is the news,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
Pro. Ay, ay! and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force,)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
Whith many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unleſs the next word, that thou speak'st,
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endleſs dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence:
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapleſs Valentine!

[*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* PROTHEUS.]

Launce. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips: yet 'tis a maid,

for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, — which is much in a bare christian. Here is the cat-log [*pulling out a paper.*] of her conditions. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry:* Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is she better than a jade. Item, *She can milk;* look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word:
What news then in your paper?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Launce. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves, that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Launce. There; and saint Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Launce. And therefore comes the proverb, — Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can sew.*

Launce. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. Item, *She can spin.*

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameleſs virtues.*

Launce. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kiſs'd fasting, in respect of her breath.*

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth.*

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

Launce. It 's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, *She is slow in words.*

Launce. O villainy, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Launce. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is curst.*

Launce. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal.*

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now of another thing she may; and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Launce. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,* —

Launce. More hair than wit, — it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the lefs. What's next?

Speed. — *And more faults than hairs,* —

Launce. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. — *And more wealth than faults.*

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible, —

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee, — that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why did'st not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*]

Launce. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter; An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! — I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke *and* Thurio; Protheus *behind.*

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak imprefs of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice; which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthlefs Valentine shall be forgot. —
How now, sir Protheus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so. —
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shewn some sign of good desert,)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect
The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she persevers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falshood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially, against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,

You

You must provide to bottom it on me:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Protheus, we dare trust you in this kind;
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have accefs,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect: —
But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write, till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity: —
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tygers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shews thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:
Therefore, sweet Protheus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in musick:
I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace, till after supper;
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Forest near Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends, —

1 *Out.* That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he's a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am, crofs'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
2 *Out.* Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
1 *Out.* Whence came you?
Val. From Milan.
3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?
Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have staid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
2 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
2 *Out.* For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.
1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so:
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable.
3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.
1 *Out.* We'll have him: sirs, a word.
Speed. Master, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.
Val. Peace, villain!
2 *Out.* Tell us this; Have you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near ally'd unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose, — (for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawlefs lives,)
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want; —

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wildernefs?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided, that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And shew thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Milan. *Court of the Palace.*

Enter PROTHEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have accefs my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthlefs gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falshood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening musick to her ear.

Enter THURIO, *and Musicians.*

Thu. How now, sir Protheus? are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but, I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia, — for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

Enter Host, *at a distance; and* JULIA *in boy's cloaths.*

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're allycholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear musick, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be musik. [*Musick plays.*]

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindneſs:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindneſs;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excells each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the musick likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in musick.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the musick!

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this sir Protheus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside; the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you; I will so plead,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt* Thurio *and* Musicians.]

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your musick, gentlemen:
Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Protheus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Protheus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compaſs yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this, —
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitleſs,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, — by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried. [*Aside.*]

Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witneſs,
I am betroth'd; And art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importúnacy?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
Or, at the least, in her's sepulcher thine.

Jul. He heard not that. [*Aside.*]

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdúrate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:

For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.
Jul. If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am. [*Aside.*]
Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falshood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.
Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.
[*Exeunt* PROTHEUS; *and* SILVIA, *from above.*]
Jul. Host, will you go?
Host. By my hallidom, I was fast asleep.
Jul. Pray you, where lies sir Protheus?
Host. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think, 'tis almost day.
Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;
There's some great matter she'd employ me in. —
Madam, madam!

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

Sil. Who calls?
Egl. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.
Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not, I flatter, for, I swear, I do not,)
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd:
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity:
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pafs,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming,

Egl. Where shall I meet you?
Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.
Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:
Good morrow, gentle lady.
Sil. Good morrow, kind sir Eglamour.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter LAUNCE, *with his dog.*

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him — even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistreſs Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, at it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bleſs the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog*, says one; *What cur is that?* says another; *Whip him out*, says the third; *Hang him up*, says the duke: I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow

that whips the dogs: *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of.* He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't: thou think'st not of this now! — Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTHEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please; — I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt. — How, now, you whoreson peasant?
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carry'd mistrefs Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Launce. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-

place: and then I offer'd her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say; Stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave, that, still an end, turns me to shame.
[*Exit* LAUNCE.]
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my businefs,
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not,)
Witnefs good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems, you lov'd her not, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so; I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter; — that's her chamber. — Tell my lady,

I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.
[*Exit* PROTHEUS.]

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Protheus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy messenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, sir Protheus, madam.

Sil. O, — he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.
[*Picture brought.*]
Go, give your master this: tell him from me,

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter. —
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As easily as I do tear this paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks, that Protheus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgement, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glaſs,

And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for, at pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistreſs, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth! —
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left! —
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [*Exit* SILVIA.]

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her. —
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope, my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unleſs I flatter with myself too much.

Her

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glafs; and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senselefs form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee.
[*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same. An Abbey.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unlefs it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter Silvia.

See, where she comes: Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;
I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Thurio, Protheus *and* Julia.

Thu. Sir Protheus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink, than look on them.
[*Aside.*]

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love, and peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aside.*]

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [*Aside.*]

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*]

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an afs should owe them. [*Aside.*]

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, sir Protheus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*]

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:

I'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*]

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. [*Exit.*]

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.

Enter Silvia *and* Out-laws.

1 *Out.* Come, come;
Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us!
But Moyses, and Valerius, follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Another part of the forest.

Enter Valentine.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,

I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantlefs;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain! —
What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chace:
They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here? [*steps aside.*]

Enter PROTHEUS, SILVIA *and* JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth,)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
That would have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And lefs than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this, I see, and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*]

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence. [*Aside.*]

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Protheus rescue me.
O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be,)
I do detest false perjur'd Protheus:
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Sil. When Protheus cannot love, where he's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unleſs thou had'st two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Protheus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

Sil. O heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
(For such is a friend now,) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Protheus,
I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!
Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All, that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.
Jul. O me unhappy! [*faints.*]
Pro. Look to the boy.
Val. Why, boy! why wag! how now? what is the matter?
Look up; speak.
Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me
To deliver a ring to madam Silvia;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.
Pro. Where is that ring, boy?
Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [*gives a ring.*]
Pro. How! let me see:
Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry your mercy, sir, I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.
[*shews another ring*]
Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart
I gave this unto Julia.
Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.
Pro. How! Julia!
Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?
O Protheus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.
Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true: O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:
Inconstancy falls of, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?
Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.
Pro. Bear witnefs, heaven,
I have my wish for ever.
Jul. And I mine.

Enter Out-laws, *with* Duke *and* Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.

Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banish'd Valentine?

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,
Take but possession of her with a touch; —
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions. —
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again. —
Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe, — sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon them, and thee;
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we paſs along,
That you will wonder, what hath fortuned. —
Come, Protheus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happineſs.

[*Exeunt.*]

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

*** A FEW of the incidents in this comedy might have been taken from some old translation of *Il Pecorone* by Giovanni Fiorentino. I have lately met with the same story in a very contemtible performance, intitled: *The fortunate, the deceived, and the unfortunate Lovers.* Of this book, as I am told, there are several impressions; but that in which I read it, was published in 1632, quarto. A something similar story occurs in *Piacevoli Notti di Straparola*, Nott. 4. Fav. 4.

This comedy was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Jan. 18, 1601, by John Busby. STEEVENS.

This play should be read between *K. Henry IV.* and *K. Henry V.* JOHNSON.

A passage in the first sketch of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* shews, I think, that it ought rather to be read between *the First* and *the Second Part of King Henry IV.* in the latter of which young Henry becomes king. In the last act, Falstaff says:

„Herne the hunter, quoth you? am I a ghost?
„'Sblood, the fairies hath made a ghost of me.
„What, hunting at this time of night!
„I'le lay my life the mad *prince of Wales*
„Is stealing his father's deare."

and in this play, as it now appears, Mr. Page discountenances the addresses of Fenton to his daughter; because „he keeps company with the wild *prince*, and with Poins."

The Fishwife's Tale of Brainford in WESTWARD FOR SMELTS, a book which Shakspeare appears to have read, (having borrowed from it part of the fable of *Cymbeline*,) probably led him to lay the scene of Falstaff's love adventures at *Windsor*. It begins thus: „In *Winsor* not long agoe dwelt a

sumpterman, who had to wife a very faire but wanton creature, over whom, not without cause, he was something *jealous;* yet had he never any proof of her inconstancy."

The reader, who is curious in such matters, may find the story of the *Lovers of Pisa*, mentioned by Dr. Farmer in the following note, at the end of this play. MALONE.

The adventures of *Falstaff* in this play seem to have been taken from the story of the *Lovers of Pisa*, in an old piece, called „*Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie.*" A late editor pretended to much knowledge of this sort; and I am sorry that it proved to be only pretension.

In the first edition of the imperfect play, quarto, 1602, *Sir Hugh Evans* is called on the title-page, the *Welch Knight;* and yet there are some persons who still affect to believe, that all our author's plays were originally published by *himself.* FARMER.

Queen Elizabeth was so well pleased with the admirable character of Falstaff in *The Two Parts of Henry IV.* that, as Mr. Rowe informs us, she commanded Shakspeare to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. To this command we owe *The Merry Wives of Windsor;* which, Mr. Gildon says, [*Remarks* on Shakspeare's plays. 8vo. 1710,] he was very well assured our author finished in a fortnight. But this must be meant only of the first imperfect sketch of this comedy. An old quarto edition which I have seen, printed in 1602, says, in the title-page, — *As it hath been divers times acted before her majesty, and elsewhere.* This which we have here, was altered and improved by the author almost in every speech. POPE. THEOBALD.

Mr. Gildon has likewise told us, „that our author's house at Stratford bordered on the Church-yard, and that he wrote the scene of the Ghost in *Hamlet* there." But neither for this, or the assertion that the play before us was written in a fortnight, does he quote any authority. The latter circumstance was first mentioned by Mr. Dennis. „This comedy,"

says he, in his Epistle Dedicatory to the *Comical Gallant*, (an alteration of the present play,) 1702, „was written at her [Queen Elizabeth's] command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in *fourteen days*; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased at the representation." The information, it is probable, came originally from Dryden, who from his intimacy with Sir William Davenant had an opportunity of learning many particulars concerning our author.

At what period Shakspeare new modelled the *Merry Wives of Windsor* is unknown. I believe it was enlarged in 1603. See some conjectures on the subject in the *Attempt to ascertain the order of his plays.*

MALONE.

It is not generally known, that the first edition of *the Merry Wives of Windsor*, in its present state, is in the valuable folio, printed 1623, from whence the quarto of the same play, dated 1630, was evidently copied. The two earlier quartos, 1602, and 1619, only exhibit this comedy as it was originally written, and are so far curious, as they contain Shakspeare's first conceptions in forming a drama, which is the most complete specimen of his comick powers.

T. WARTON.

Persons Represented.

Sir John Falstaff.
Fenton.
Shallow, *a country Justice.*
Slender, *cousin to* Shallow.
Mr. Ford, } *two gentlemen dwelling at* Windsor.
Mr. Page, }
William Page, *a boy, son to* Mr. Page.
Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welch parson.*
Dr. Caius, *a French physician.*
Host of the Garter Inn.
Bardolph, }
Pistol, } *followers of* Falstaff.
Nym, }
Robin, *page to* Falstaff.
Simple, *servant to* Slender.
Rugby, *servant to* Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Page.
Mrs. Anne Page, *her daughter, in love with* Fenton.
Mrs. Quickly, *servant to* Dr. Caius.
Servants to Page, Ford, etc.

SCENE, Windsor; *and the parts adjacent.*

MERRY

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Windsor. *Before* Page's *House.*

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Starchamber matter of it: if he were twenty sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born master parson; who writes himself *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies — love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marrying, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: If sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of te church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistrefs Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Evans. It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot

motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham, and mistreſs Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*knocks.*] for master Page. What, hoa! Got pleſs your house here!

Enter PAGE.

Page. Who's there?

Evans. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; Much good do it your good heart! I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd: — How doth good mistreſs Page? — and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was out-run on Cotsale.

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slen. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

Shal. That he will not; — 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: — 'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more said? he is good, and fair. — Is sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Evans. It is spoke as a christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confeſs it.

Shal. If it be confeſs'd, it is not redreſs'd; is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me; — indeed, he hath; — at a word, he hath; — believe me; — Robert Shallow, Esquire, saith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes sir John.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, *and* PISTOL.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight; — I have done all this: — That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if 'twere known in counsel: you'll be laugh'd at.

Evans. *Pauca verba*, sir John; good worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage. — Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterward pick'd my pocket.

Bar. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca;* slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? — can you tell, cousin?

Evans. Peace: I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is — master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Evans. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol, —

Pist. He hears with ears.

Evans. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ear?* Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two

shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Evans. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! — Sir John, and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilboe:
Word of denial in thy labras here;
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and paſs good humours: I will say, *marry trap*, with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an aſs.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Evans. It is his five senses: fye, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Evans. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mistreſs ANNE PAGE *with wine; Mistreſs* FORD *and Mistreſs* PAGE *following.*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* Anne Page.]

Slen. O heaven! this is mistreſs Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistreſs Ford?

Fal. Mistreſs Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistreſs. [*kissing her.*]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: — Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindneſs.

[*Exeunt all but* Shal. Slender, *and* Evans.]

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here: —

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple; where have you been; I must wait on myself, must I? You have not *The Book of Riddles* about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz: marry, this, coz; There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir Hugh here; — Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Evans. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Evans. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Evans. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistreſs Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Evans. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth; — Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good-will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, — I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Evans. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Evans. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the faul' is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely; — his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair miſtreſs Anne: — Would I were young, for your sake, miſtreſs Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair miſtreſs Anne.

Evans. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and Sir* H. EVANS.]

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth: — Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: [*Exit* SIMPLE.] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man: — I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit, till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneys for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think, there are, sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it, as any man in England: — You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson loose, twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cry'd and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd: — but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistrefs Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed, la.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistrefs Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, sir.

Evans. Nay, it is petter yet: — give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistrefs Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistrefs Anne Page: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, Host, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter, —

Host. What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Caesar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth, and lime: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit* Host.]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: An old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered servingman, a fresh tapster: Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive. [*Exit* BARD.]

Pist. O base Gongarian wight? wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroick, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad, I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal! foh; a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol; Indeed I am in the waist two yards about: but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's.*

Pist. He hath study'd her well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: Will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy*, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious eyliads: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dung-hill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glafs! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistrefs Page; and thou this to mistrefs Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [*to* Rob.] bear you these letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores. —
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go;
Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF *and* ROBIN.]

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd, and fullam holds,

And high and low beguile the rich and poor:
Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discufs the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possefs him with yellownefs, for the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in Dr. Caius's *House.*

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, *and* RUGBY.

Quick. What; John Rugby! — I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit* RUGBY.]

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his

worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault; — but let that paſs. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-colour'd beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you? — O, I should remember him; Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish —

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas!, here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts* Simple *in the closet.*] He will not stay long. — What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say! — Go, John, go enquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home: — *and down, down, adown-a*, etc. [*Sings.*]

Enter Dr. CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet

un boitier verd; a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

[*Aside.*]

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour, — la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, Sir.

Caius. Ouy; mette le au mon pocket: *Depeche,* quickly: — Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long: — Od's me! *Qu'ai j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? — Villainy! *laron!* [*pulling* Simple *out.*] Rugby, my rapier.

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so flegmatick; hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to —

Quick.

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue: — Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistreſs Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? — Rugby, *baillez* me some paper: Tarry you a little-a while. [*writes.*]

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy; — But notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor, my master, — I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dreſs meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself; —

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early, and down late; — but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it;) my master himself is in love with mistreſs Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, — I know Anne's mind, — that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge; I vill cut his throat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make: — you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here: by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit* SIMPLE.]

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat: — do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? — by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon! — by gar I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me; — By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door: — Follow my heels, Rugby. [*Exeunt* CAIUS *and* RUGBY.]

Quick. You shall have Ann fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*within.*] Who's within there, ho?

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman; how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistreſs Anne?

Quick. In truth, Sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you; — Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale; — good faith, it is such another Nan; — but I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread: — We had an hour's talk of that wart; — I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! — But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing: But for you — Well — go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me —

Quick. Will I? i'faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*]

Quick. Farewell to your worship. — Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does: — Out upon't, what have I forgot? [*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Page's *House.*

Enter Mistress PAGE *with a letter.*

Mrs. Page. What, have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [*reads.*]

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; Would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mis-

tress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night.
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight, John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this? — O wicked, wicked world! — one that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweigh'd behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! — What should I say to him? — I was then frugal of my mirth: — heaven forgive me! — Why I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it? — dispense with trifles; — what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? — thou liest! — Sir Alice Ford! — These knights will hack; and so thou should'st not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light: — here, read, read; — perceive how I might be knighted. — I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; prais'd women's modesty: and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomelinefs, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves.* What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. — Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs! — To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the prefs, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantefs, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not; It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unleſs he knew some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it; I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: lets appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the charineſs of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeaſurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [*they retire.*]

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, *and* NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves thy gally-mawfry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actaeon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels: —
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, Sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewel.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing. —
Away, sir corporal Nym. —
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit* PISTOL.]

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true; [*to* Page.] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wrong'd me in some humours: I should have borne the humour'd letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true: — my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. — Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit* NYM.]

Page. *The humour of it*, quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? — Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. — Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now. — Will you go, mistreſs Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. — You'll come to dinner, George? — Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[*Aside to Mrs.* Ford.]

Enter Mistreſs QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; And, I pray, how does good mistreſs Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt* Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, *and* Mrs. Quickly.]

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; And you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily. — How, now, mine host?

Enter HOST, *and* SHALLOW.

Host. How, now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. — Good even, and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook?

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between sir Hugh the Welch priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook?

[*They go aside.*]

Shal. Will you [*to* Page] go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egrefs and regrefs; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight. — Will you go an-heirs?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccados, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you: — I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Exeunt* Host, SHALLOW, *and* PAGE]

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open. — I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coachfellow, Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when mistreſs Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul *gratis?* At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: — go. — A short knife and a throng; — to your manor of Pickt-hatch, go. — You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! — you stand upon your honour! — Why, thou unconfinable baseneſs, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent; What would'st thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistreſs QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistreſs Ford, sir; — I pray, come a little nearer this ways: — I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistreſs Ford, you say, —

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears; — mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bleſs them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistreſs Ford; — what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistreſs Ford; — come, mistreſs Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, (all musk,) and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. — I had myself twenty an-

gels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty: — and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of; — master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistreſs Page hath her hearty commendations to you too; — and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſs you morning or evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this; has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed; — they have not so little grace, I hope: — that were a trick, indeed! But mistreſs Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedneſs: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. — Boy, go along with this woman. — This news distracts me! [*Exeunt* QUICKLY *and* ROBIN.]

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers: —
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm
them all! [*Exit* PIST.]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make moie of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 'tis groſsly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistreſs Ford and mistreſs Page, have I encompass'd you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with* FORD *disguised.*

Ford. Bleſs you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold, to preſs with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar, — I will be brief with you; — and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may paſs with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doting observance; engross'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unleſs experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal.

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentick in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it: — There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could

I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistrefs Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not: — yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er

the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. — Come to me soon at night: — Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold: — come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*]

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this! — My heart is ready to crack with impatience. — Who says, this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made: Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names! Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitae bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour; I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page: I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Windsor Park.

Enter CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew, your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* PAGE.

Host. 'Bleſs thee, bully doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee paſs thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Aesculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the vorld; he is not shew his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian king, Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitnefs that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master Doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have shew'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shewn himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice: — A word, Monsieur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-vater, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman: — Scurvy jack-dog-priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully, — But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.
[*Aside to them.*]

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, *Shal.* and *Slen.* Adieu, good master doctor. [*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW *and* SLEND.]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where mistreſs Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting; and thou shalt woo her: cry'd game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page; said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Evans. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physick?*

Simple. Marry, sir, the city-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans. I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Evans. 'Plefs my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind! — I shall be glad, if he have deceived me: — how melancholies I am! — I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork: — 'plefs my soul!

To shallow rivers, to whose falls [*sings.*]
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow —

'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals; —
When as I sat in Pabylon, —
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow —

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

Evans. He's welcome: —

To shallow rivers, to whose falls —

Heaven prosper the right! — What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good-morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good sir Hugh!

Evans. 'Plefs you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatick day?

Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

Evans. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who belike, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Evans. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Evans. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mefs of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hipocrates and Galen, — and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Enter Host, *Dr.* Caius, *and* Rugby.

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons: — Keep them asunder; — here comes doctor Caius.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear. Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Evans. Pray you, use your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Evans. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends: — I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogs-comb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! — Jack Rugby, mine *Host de Jarterre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Evans. As I am a christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Guallia and Gaul, French and Welch; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politick? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my sir Hugh? no; he gives me the pro-verbs and the no-verbs. — Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so: — Give me thy hand, celestial; so. — Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. — Come, lay their swords to pawn: — Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host: — Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* Shallow, Slender, Page, *and* Host.]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

Evans. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog. — I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Evans. Well, I will smite his noddles; — Pray you follow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page *and* Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistreſs Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife; Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, — two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name. — There is such a league between my good man and he! — Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir; — I am sick, till I see her. [*Exeunt* MRS. PAGE *and* ROBIN.]

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind! — and Falstaff's boy with her! — Good plots! — they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together.

Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the so seeming mistreſs Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actaeon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mock'd; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, *Sir* HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Shal. Page. etc. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistreſs Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you: — but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holyday, he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentlemen is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Poins; he is of too

high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will shew you a monster. — Master doctor, you shall go; — so shall you, master Page; — and you Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well; — we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt* SHAL. *and* SLEND.]

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit* RUGBY.]

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit* Host.]

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in Ford's *House.*

Enter Mistress FORD, *and Mistress* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the buck-basket —

Mrs. Ford. I warrant: — What, Robin, I say.

Enter Servants with a Basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard-by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering,) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames' side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are call'd. [*Exeunt* Servants.]

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket? what news with you?

Rob. My master sir John is come in at your back-door, mistreſs Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. — I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so: — Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistreſs Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit* ROBIN.]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiſs me. [*Exit* Mrs. PAGE.]

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this groſs watry pumpion; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. *Have I caught* thee, *my heavenly jewel?* Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John!

Fal. Mistrefs Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistrefs Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France shew me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to say so: thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklers-bury in simple-time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear, you love mistrefs Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows, how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within.*] Mistreſs Ford, mistreſs Ford! here's mistreſs Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman. — [FALSTAFF *hides himself.*]

Enter Mrs. PAGE, *and* ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistreſs Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistreſs Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistreſs Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion? Out upon you! how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder. [*Aside.*] — 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? — There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. — O, how have you deceived me! — Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in; — follow your friend's counsel; — I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never —

[*He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistreſs Ford: — You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! [*Exit* Robin. *Re-enter* Servants.] Go take up these clothes here, quickly; Where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly; come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, *and* Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it. —. How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of the season too; it shall appear. [*Exeunt* Servants, *with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox: Let me stop this way first: So, now uncape.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page. Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*]

Evans. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.

[*Exeunt* Evans, Page, *and* Caius.]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid, he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would, all of the same strain were in the same distreſs.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so groſs in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistreſs Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for tomorrow eight o'clok, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compaſs.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay, peace: — You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Evans. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the

presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fye, fye, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well; — I promised you a dinner: Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. — Come, wife; — come, mistrefs Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Evans. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Evans. In your teeth: for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Evans. A lousy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in Page's *House.*

Enter FENTON *and Mistreſs* ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me, —
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confeſs, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooiug thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then, — Hark you hither,
[*They converse apart.*]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, mistreſs Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, — but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. — This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!
[*Aside.*]

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, mistrefs Anne; — my uncle can tell you good jests of him: — Pray you, uncle, tell mistrefs Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistrefs Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glocestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistrefs Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE *and* *Mrs.* PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender: — Love him, daughter Anne. —
Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house.
I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.
Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender; in: —
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.]

Quick. Speak to mistreſs Page.

Fent. Good mistreſs Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy.
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected;
Till then, farewell, sir: — She must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistreſs; farewell, Nan.
[*Exeunt* Mrs. Page *and* Anne.]

Quick. This is my doing now; — Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on, Master Fenton: — this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once tonight
Give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains. [*Exit.*]

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistreſs Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses; What a beast am I to slack it? [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say, —

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit* Bard.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and

to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with the wine.*

Bard. Here's Mistreſs Quickly, Sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallow'd snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [*Exit* BARD.] How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistreſs Ford.

Fal. Mistreſs Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miſs her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir! [*Exit.*]

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bleſs you, sir!

Fal. Now, master Brook? you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, sir John, is my busineſs.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And how sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, master Brook.

Ford. How, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master Brook: but the peaking cornuto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kiſs'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and insti-

gated by his distemper, and forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistrefs Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket: ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistrefs, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who ask'd them once or twice, what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, least the lunatick knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul cloaths. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffer'd the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-weather: next, to be compass'd, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking cloaths

that fretted in their own grease: think of that, — a man of my kidney, — think of that; that am as subject to heat, as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle, to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that, — hissing hot, — think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadneſs, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Aetna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſs me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit,*]

Ford. Humph! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets! — Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I

would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, *Mrs.* QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this; or will be presently: but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistreſs Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school: Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Evans. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns.

Evans. Peace your tatlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. *Pulcher.*

Quick. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

Evans. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Evans. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is *Lapis*; I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis.*

Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter*, *nominativo*; *hic*, *haec*, *hoc*.

Evans. *Nominativo*, *hig*, *hag*, *hog*; — pray you, mark: *genitivo hujus*; Well, what is your *accusative case*?

Will. *Accusativo*, *hinc*.

Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo*, *hing*, *hang*, *hog*.

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Evans. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?

Will. O — *vocativo*, O.

Evans. Remember, William; focative is, *caret*.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Evans. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Evans. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

Will. *Genitive case*?

Evans. Ay.

Will. Genitive, — *horum*, *harum*, *horum*.

Quick. 'Vengeance of *Jenny's* case? fie on her! — never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Evans. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call, horum: — fie upon you!

Evans. 'Oman, art thou lunaticks? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art a foolish christian creatures, as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Evans. Shew me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Evans. It is *ki*, *kae*, *cod*; if you forget your *kies*, your *kaes*, and your *cods*, you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar, than I thought he was.

Evans. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, mistreſs Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. Get you home, boy. — Come, we stay too long.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Ford's *House.*

Enter Falstaff *and Mistreſs* Ford.

Fal. Mistreſs Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profeſs requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistreſs Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But, are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*within.*] What hoa, gossip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.]

Enter Mistreſs PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly: — Speak louder. [*Aside*]

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *Peer-out, peer-out!* that any madneſs, I ever yet beheld, seem'd but tameneſs, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket: protests to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistreſs Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at sreet end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! — the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?

you? — Away with him, away with him; better shame than murther.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket: May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? — I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces: Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there on my word. Neither prefs, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John. Unlefs you go out disguis'd, —

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: Run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistreſs Page, and I, will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dreſs you straight: put on the gown the while.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.]

Mrs. Ford. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threaten'd to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadneſs, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dreſs him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act, that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draught.*

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter Mrs. FORD, *with* two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch. [*Exit.*]

1. *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2. *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

1. *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? — Set down the basket, villain: — Somebody call my wife: — You youth in a basket, come out here! — O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy, against me: Now shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

Evans. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mistreſs Ford.

Ford. So say I too, sir. — Come hither, mistreſs Ford; mistreſs Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! — I suspect without cause, mistreſs, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witneſs, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out. — Come forth, sirrah.

[*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*]

Page. This passes.

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why, —

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket; Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow walnut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, mistrefs Page! come you, and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pafs under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms,

by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing. — Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband; — good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF *in women's clothes, led by Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *prat* her: — Out of my door, you witch! [*beats him.*] you rag, you baggage, you poulcat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit* FALST.]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it: — 'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Evans. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, SHAL. *and* EVANS.]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mafs, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witnefs

of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonneſs is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publickly shamed: and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publickly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host *and* Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my houses a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them: Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in Ford's *House.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mrs.* PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and* *Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Evans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonneſs: now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as éxtreme in submission,
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us publick sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight! Fie, fie; he'll never come.

Evans. You say, he has been thrown in the rivers; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak should meet with us,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape: When you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll drefs
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,

Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song; upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape prophane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Evans. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy; — and in that time
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, [*Aside.*]
And marry her at Eton. — Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go get us properties
And tricking for our fairies.

Evans. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, *and* EVANS.]

Mrs. Page. Go, mistreſs Ford,
Send Quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.
[*Exit* Mrs. Ford.]
I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an ideot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host *and* Simple.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what, thickskin? speak, breathe, discuſs; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an *Anthropophaginian* unto thee: Knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robb'd: I'll call. — Bully knight! Bully sir John! speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*above.*] How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, mussel-shell; What would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, master Slender sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Sim. I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistreſs Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her, — or no: Go; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike; who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit* SIMPLE.]

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! meer cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustus's.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say, they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Evans. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three couzin germans, that has cozen'd all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd: Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine *Host de Jarterre?*

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke

de Jarmany: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat the court is know to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*]

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go: — assist me, knight; I am undone: fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [*Exeunt* Host, *and* BARD.]

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozen'd; for I have been cozen'd, and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transform'd, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fall'n as a dry'd pear. I never prosper'd since I foreswore myself at *Primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. —

Enter Mistrefs QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd! I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; mistrefs Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i'the stocks, i'the common stocks, for a witch:

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON *and* Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loſs.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answered my affection
(So far forth as herself might be her chooser,)
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof's so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the shew of both; — wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest [*Shewing the letter.*]
I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine host:
To-night at Herne's oack, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;

The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented:
Now, Sir,
Her mother, even strong against that match,
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor: — Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him: — her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,)
That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrobed,
With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests, — that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompence.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and Mistrefs* QUICKLY.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling; — go. — I'll hold: This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. — Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit* Mrs. QUICKLY.]

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you. — He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliah with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I pluck'd geese, play'd truant, and whipp'd top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately.

Follow

Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. — Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Windsor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies. — Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum;* she cries, *budget;* and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; But what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget?* the white will decipher her well enough. — It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Dr.* CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit* CAIUS.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter; but 'tis no matter: better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mock'd; if he be amazed, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Windsor Park.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, *and Fairies.*

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you; Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another part of the Park.

Enter FALSTAFF *disguis'd, with a buck's head on.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded

gods assist me! — Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. — O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. — You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda; — O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose? — A fault done first in the form of a beast; — O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault. — When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piſs my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistreſs FORD *and Mistreſs* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut? — Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves;* hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [*embracing her.*]

Mrs. Ford. Mistreſs Page is come with me, sweet-heart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

[*Noise within.*]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What shall this be?

Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Page. } Away, away. [*They run off.*]

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else crofs me thus.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, *like a satyr; Mrs.* QUICKLY, *and* PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, *as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.—
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall die:
I'll wink and couch; No man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*]

Evans. Where's *Pede?* Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as carelefs infancy;
But those, as sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Quick. About, about;
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour

With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compaſs, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like saphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knight-hood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set:
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanthorns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay; I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy! lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'er-look'd even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*]

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhime:
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG.

Fie on sinful phantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out.

During this song, the fairies pinch FALSTAFF. *Doctor* CAIUS *comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green;* SLENDER *another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and* FENTON *comes, and steals away Mrs.* ANNE PAGE. *A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away.* FALSTAFF *pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mrs.* PAGE, *and Mrs.* FORD. *They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd you now;
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher: —
Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? — Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns master Brook: And, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which must be paid to master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an aſs.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltineſs of my mind, the sudden surprize of my powers, drove the groſsneſs of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despight of the teeth of all rhime and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leave your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I lay'd my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so groſs o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

Evans. Seese in not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puff'd man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pandar: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction:

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends:
Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. [*Aside.*]

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd! I'll make the best in Glocestershire know on't; would I were hang'd, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistreſs Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: If it had not been i'the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly; Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cry'd, *mum*, and she cry'd, *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Evans. Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vex'd at heart: What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mistreſs Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit* CAIUS.]

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: Here comes master Fenton.

Enter FENTON, *and* ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistreſs? how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her; Hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, She and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy, that she hath committed:
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title:
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:—
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

Evans. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further: —
Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days! —
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so: — Sir John,
To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he, to-night, shall lie with mistrefs Ford.

[*Exeunt.*]

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

*** THE story is taken from Cinthio's *Novels*, Decad 8. Novel 5. POPE.

We are sent to Cinthio for the plot of *Measure for Measure*, and Shakspeare's judgment hath been attacked for some deviations from him in the conduct of it, when probably all he knew of the matter was from Madam *Isabella*, in the *Heptameron* of *Whetstone*, Lond. 4to. 1582. — She *reports*, in the fourth dayes Exercise, the rare *Historie of Promos and Cassandra*. A marginal note informs us, that *Whetstone* was the author of the *Comedie* on that subject; which likewise had probably fallen into the hands of Shakspeare. FARMER.

There is perhaps not one of Shakspeare's plays more darkened than this by the peculiarities of its author, and the unskilfulneſs of its editors, by distortions of phrase, or negligence of transscription. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare took the fable of this play from the *Promos and Cassandra* of G. Whetstone, published in 1578. See Theobald's note at the end.

A hint, like a seed, is more or leſs prolifick, according to the qualities of the soil on which it is thrown. This story, which in the hands of Whetstone produced little more than barren insipidity, under the culture of Shakspeare became fertile of entertainment. The curious reader will find that the old play of *Promos and Cassandra* exhibits an almost complete embryo of *Measure for Measure;* yet the hints on which it is formed are so slight, that it is nearly as impossible to detect them, as it is to point out in the acorn the future ramifications of the oak.

The reader will find the argument of G. Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra* at the end of this play. It is too bulky to be inserted here. See likewise the piece itself among *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded* etc. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-croſs. STEEVENS.

Measure for Measure was, I believe, written in 1603. See an *Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays.* MALONE.

Persons Represented.

VINCENTIO, *duke of* Vienna.
ANGELO, *lord deputy in the duke's absence.*
ESCALUS, *an ancient lord, joined with* Angelo *in the deputation.*

CLAUDIO, *a young gentleman.*
LUCIO, *a fantastick,*
Two other like gentlemen.
Varrius *, *a gentleman, servant to the duke.*
Provost,
THOMAS, } *two friars.*
PETER, }
A Justice.
ELBOW, *a simple constable.*
FROTH, *a foolish gentleman.*
Clown, servant to Mrs. Over-done.
ABHORSON, *an executioner.*
BARNARDINE, *a dissolute prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *sister to* Claudio.
MARIANA, *betrothed to* Angelo.
JULIET, *beloved by* Claudio.
FRANCISCA, *a nun.*
Mistress OVERDONE, *a bawd.*

Lords, gentlemen, guards, officers, and other attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

* Varrius might be omitted, for he is only once spoken to, and says nothing.

MEASURE

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords, *and* Attendants,

Duke. Escalus, —
Escal. My Lord.
Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: Then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. — Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo. —
[*Exit an attendant.*]

What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: What think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddefs, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold therefore, Angelo;
In our remove, be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own;
So to inforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you: Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me: — Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Lucio, *and* two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the king of Hungary, why, then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1. *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Luc. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2. *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

Luc. Ay, that he razed.

1. *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal: There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2. *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Luc. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2. *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1. *Gent.* What? in metre?

Luc. In any proportion, or in any language.

1. *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Luc. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despight of all controversy: As for example; Thou thyself art a wicked villain, despight of all grace.

1. *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of sheers between us.

Luc. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: Thou art the list.

1. *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Luc. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1. *Gent.* I think, I have done myself wrong; have I not?

2. *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted or free.

1. *Gent.* Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to —

2. *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1. *Gent.* Judge.

2. *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a year.

1. *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Luc. A French crown more.

1. *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me: but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Luc. Nay, not, as one would say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter BAWD.

1. *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1. *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

1. *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopp'd off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Luc. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2. *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1. *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Luc. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt* LUCIO *and* Gentlemen.]

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clown. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clown. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clown. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clown. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, *and* Officers; LUCIO, *and* two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou shew me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight. —

The words of heaven; — on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Luc. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue
(Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,)
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Luc. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment. — What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Luc. What is it? murder?

Claud. No.

Luc. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend: — Lucio, a word with you.
[*Takes him aside.*]

Luc. A hundred, if they'll do you any good. — Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me: — Upon a true contract,
I got possession of Julietta's bed;
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,

Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too groſs, is writ on Juliet.

Luc. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhapp'ly, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke, —
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newneſs;
Or whether that the body publick be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in: — But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall,
So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me: — 'tis, surely, for a name.

Luc. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he is not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him;
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and speechleſs dialect,
Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art,
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Luc. I pray, she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Luc. Within two hours,—

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Monastery.

Enter Duke *and Friar* THOMAS.

Duke. No; holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. T. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture, and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs to head-strong steeds,)
Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep;

Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. T. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd;
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pafs,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the sight,
To do it slander: And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: tehrefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one: — Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite

Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

SCENE V.

A Nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA *and* FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?
Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sister-hood, the votarists of saint Clare.
Luc. [*within*] Ho! Peace be in this place!
Isab. Who's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his businefs of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the priorefs:
Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face;
Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him.
[*Exit* FRAN.]
Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Luc. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no lefs! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?
Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Luc. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! for what?
Luc. For that, which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.
Isab. Sir, mock me not: — your story.
Luc. 'Tis true: — I would not. — Though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart, — play with all virgins so.
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.
Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.
Luc. Do not believe it. Fewneſs and truth, 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedneſs the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyson, even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.
Isab. Some one with child by him? — My cousin Juliet?
Luc. Is she your cousin?
Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names,
By vain though apt affection.
Luc. She it is.
Isab. O, let him marry her!
Luc. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn

By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions,) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unlefs you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that's my pith
Of businefs 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Luc. Has censur'd him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

Luc. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt, —

Luc. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and
kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Luc. But, speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my succeſs.

Luc. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Angelo's *House.*

Enter Angelo, Escalus, *a* Justice, Provost, Officers, *and other Attendants.*

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: What's open made
To justice, that justice seizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do paſs on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I that censure him do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.
[*Exit* Prov.]

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers etc.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb.

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? Are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes of well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clown. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour, —

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman; —

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanneſs there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistrefs Over-done's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces? [*To* Angelo.]

Clown. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honour's reverence,) for stew'd prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Clown. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point: as I say, this mistrefs Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three pence again:

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes;

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clown. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unlefs they kept very good diet, as I told you;

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. — What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father dy'd at Hallowmas: — Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; — 'twas in *The Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, Have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why, very well then; — I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no leſs: Good morrow to your lordship. [*Exit* ANGELO.]
Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clown. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir; What did this gentleman to her?

Clown. I beseech you sir, look in this gentleman's face: — Good master Froth look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beseech you mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour?

Escal. He's in the right: constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistrefs is a respected woman.

Clown. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, she was respected with him before he marry'd with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity? — Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer: — Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box of the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it: — Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

[*To* Froth.]

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, sir?

Escal. So. — What trade are you of, sir?

[*To the* Clown.]

Clown. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clown. Mistreſs Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clown. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine! — Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell. Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clown. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clown. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster; Are you not? Come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clown. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clown. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay: If you live to see this come to paſs, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you, — I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.
[*Exit.*]

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readineſs in the office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: Fare you well. — What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is bud needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet, — Poor Claudio! — There's no remedy.
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter PROVOST *and a* Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit* Servant.] I'll know
His pleasure; may be, he will relent: Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it! —

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon. —
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires accefs to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sister-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit* Serv.]
See you the fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter LUCIO *and* ISABELLA.

Prov. Save your honour! [*offering to retire.*]

Ang. Stay a little while. — [*to* Isab.] You are welcome: What's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then. — Heaven keep your honour! [*retiring.*]

Luc. Give't not o'er so: to him again, intreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Luc. You are too cold. [*To* Isab.]

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: Well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Luc. Ay, touch him: there's the vein. [*Aside.*]

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And he that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: How would you be,

If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him; — he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him;
He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve heaven
With leſs respect than we do minister
To our groſs selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Luc. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first man that did the edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glaſs, that shews what future evils,
(Either now, or by remissneſs new-conceiv'd,
And so in progreſs to be hatch'd and born,)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, where they live, to end.

Isab. Yet, shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,

Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence;
And he that suffers: O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous,
To use it like a giant.

Luc. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder. —
Merciful heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle; — But man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, — like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Luc. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
He's coming; I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heaven she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the lefs, foul profanation.

Luc. Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Luc. Art avis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confefs
A natural guiltinefs, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. — Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me: — Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good, my lord, turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with you.

Luc. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.

Luc. Go to; 'tis well; away. [*Aside to* Isab.]

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers crofs. [*Aside.*]

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour!

[*Exeunt* LUCIO, ISABELLA, *and* Provost.]

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue! —
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightnefs? Having vaste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite: — Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in a Prison.

Enter Duke, *habited like a Friar, and* Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think, you are.

Prov. I am the provost: What's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: She is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow. —
I have provided for you; stay a while, [*to* Jul.]
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Jul. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Jul. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Jul. I do confeſs it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: But lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven;
Shewing, we would not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him:
Grace go with you! *Benedicite.* [*Exit.*]

Jul. Must die to-morrow! O injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in Angelo's *House.*

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,

Anchors

Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou still art blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires accefs to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit* Serv.] O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart;
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitnefs?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondnefs
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so? — Heaven keep your honour! [*retiring.*]

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I: Yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcy sweetnefs, that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, That the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleannefs,
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak

Against the thing I say. Answer to this; —
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could display'd. — But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more grofs:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the lofs of question,) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles

Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself:
That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemtion.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed by weakneſs.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women! — Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger,
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold, —
I do arrest your words; Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,) shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you, speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet;
And you tell me, that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words expreſs my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose! — Seeming, seeming! —
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereneſs of my life,

My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.*]

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow, as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the prison.

Enter Duke, Claudio, *and* Provost.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life, —
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
(Servile to all the skiey influences,)
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still: Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseneſs: Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet groſsly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more: Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not:
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st: Thou art not certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,—
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an aſs, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor youth, nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My busineſs is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be
Conceal'd. [*Exeunt* Duke *and* Provost.]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why,
As all comforts are; most good, most good, in deed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift embassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderneſs? If I must die,
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy, —
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew,
As faulcon doth the fowl, — is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still: This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. — Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?
Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why, would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? — O Isabel!
Isab. What says my brother?
Claud. Death is a fearful thing.
Isab. And shamed life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewlefs winds,
And blown with restlefs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawlefs and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling! — 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.
Isab. Alas! alas!
Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed fo far,
That it becomes a virtue.
Isab. O you beast!
O faithlefs coward; O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wildernefs
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance:
Die; perish! might but my bending down

Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*going.*]

Claud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*to* Claudio *aside.*] Son, I have overheard what hath past between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: Farewell. [*Exit* CLAUD.]

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no loſs shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit* Provost.]

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodneſs, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodneſs; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo: How would you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But oh, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiſs: Yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this busineſs.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further: I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodneſs never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have marry'd; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which yet she wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! — But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindneſs, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the

current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, — first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleneſs of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana: At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

The Street before the Prison.

Enter Duke *as a* Friar; *to him* Elbow, Clown, Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women

like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir: — Bleſs you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father: What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live: Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself, —
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove —

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whore-master: if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Enter LUCIO.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.

Clown. I spy comfort; I cry, bail: Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels of Caesar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pigmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain? Ha? What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Luc. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistreſs? Procures she still? Ha?

Clown. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Luc. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: An unshunn'd consequence; it must be so: Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clown. Yes, faith, sir.

Luc. Why 'tis not amiſs, Pompey: Farewell: Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Luc. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is he, doubtleſs, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison, Pompey: You will turn

good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clown. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Luc. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: Adieu, trusty Pompey. — Bleſs you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Luc. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, sir?

Luc. Then, Pompey, nor now. — What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir, come.

Luc. Go, — to kennel, Pompey, go:

[*Exeunt* ELBOW, Clown, *and* Officers.]

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: But wheresoever, I wish him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Luc. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him; something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Luc. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd: But it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be

put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him: — Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes: — But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: And he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Luc. Why, what a ruthlefs thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Luc. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Luc. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; — and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish; the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Luc. Sir, I was an inward of his: A shy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Luc. No, — pardon; — 'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, — The greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Luc. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear, to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Luc. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Luc. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Luc. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope, the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Luc. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Luc. Why? for filling a bottle with a tundish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent will un-

people the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good Friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlick: say, that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

Duke. No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, Provost, Bawd, *and* Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistreſs Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time, he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence: — let him be called before us. — Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt* Bawd *and* Officers.] Provost, my brother Angelo

will not be alter'd; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Blifs and goodnefs on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see,
In special businefs from his holinefs.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodnefs, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowships accurs'd: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know, how you find Claudio prepared? I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed — justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitneſs of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner: fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* Escal. *and* Prov.]

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe:
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor leſs to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on te outward side!
How may likeneſs, made in crimes,
Mocking, practise on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:

With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despis'd;
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
Pay with falshood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Mariana's *House.*

Enter MARIANA, *and a Boy who sings.*

SONG.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. —
[*Exit* Boy.]

Enter Duke.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish,
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so, —
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good: though musick oft hath such a charm,
To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquired

for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you: — The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*]

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did shew me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him, my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana

A word of this: — What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt* MARI. *and* ISAB.]

Duke. O place and greatneſs, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies! — Welcome! How agreed?

Re-enter MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Isab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my intreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;

Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Prison.

Enter Provost *and* Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a man's head?

Clown. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir; leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpity'd whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismifs him: He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*]

Clown. Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Clown. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clown. Proof.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner ask forgivenefs.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clown. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare: for, truly sir, for your kindnefs, I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt* Clown *and* Abhor.]

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?
[*Knocking within.*]
Heaven give your spirits comfort! — [*Exit* CLAUD.] By and by: —
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio. — Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envellop you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung?

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. She will then, ere't be long,

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd

With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just. — Now are they come. —
[*Knocking within.* Provost *goes out.*]
This is a gentle provost; Seldom, when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men. —
How now? What noise? That spirit's possess'd with haste,
That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

Provost *returns, speaking to one at the door.*

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.
Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?
Prov. None, sir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.
Prov. Happily,
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the publick ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.
Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.
Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.
Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit* Messeng.]

Duke. This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin, [*Aside.*]
For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That, for the fault's love, is the offender friended. —
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on: methinks, strangely; for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [reads.] *Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*
What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof-

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; carelefs, recklefs, and fearlefs of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldnefs of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute; is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him: To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? Having the hour limitted; and an exprefs command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to crofs this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great-disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so barb'd before his death: You know, the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profefs, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke: You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing, that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd: Put not yourself into amazement, how these things

should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were mistrefs Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lacky the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tye the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clown. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clown. Your friends, sir; the hangman: You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, sir.

Barn. How now, Abhorson? What's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barn. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father; Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barn. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O sir, you must: and therefore, I beseech you,
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barn. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you, —

Barn. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*]

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O gravel heart! —
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt* Abhorson *and* Clown.]

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,
Just of his colour: What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: See, this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done; — Put them
In secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To yond generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo. [*Exit* Prov.]
Now will I write letters to Angelo, —
The Provost, he shall bear them, — whose contents
Shall witneſs to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publickly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*]

Isab. [*within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel: — She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other:
Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark, what I say; which you shall find
By every syllable, a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow; — nay, dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: Already he hath carry'd
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path, that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:

Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course. — Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Good even!
Friar, where is the Provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Luc. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient: I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't: But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit* Isabella.]

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman, than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Luc. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Luc. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

Luc. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in Angelo's *House.*

Enter ANGELO *and* ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions shew much like to madneſs; pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I gueſs not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redreſs of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shews his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well; I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:
Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house:
Give notice to such men of sort and suit,
As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Ang. Good night. —
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law against it! — But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loſs,

How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares her? — no:
For my authority bears off a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke *in his own habit, and Friar* PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me. [*Giving letters.*]
The Provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him, where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

Fri. P. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit* Friar.]

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:

Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Street near the City Gate.

Enter Isabella *and* Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loth;
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I'm advis'd to do it;
He says, to veil full purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physick,
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter —

Isab. O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not paſs you: Twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is ent'ring; therefore hence, away.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A publick Place near the City Gate.

MARIANA *(veil'd)*, ISABELLA, *and* PETER, *at a distance. Enter at opposite Doors*, Duke, VARRIUS, Lords; ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, *and* Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met: —
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.
Ang. and *Escal.* Happy return be to your royal grace!
Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodneſs of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
Fore-running more requital.
Ang. You make my bonds still greater.
Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of braſs
A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion: Give me your hand,
And let the subjects see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. — Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand; —
And good supporters are you.

PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward.*

Fri. P. Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel before him.
Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!

O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom? Be brief:
Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice;
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redreſs from you: hear me, O hear me, here.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not srange?
That Angelo's a murtherer; is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her:— Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion

That I am touch'd with madneſs: make not im-
possible,
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal prince,
If he be leſs, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badneſs.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, (as I believe no other,)
Her madneſs hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madneſs.

Isab. Gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;
And hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason. — What
would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother: One Lucio
Was then the messenger; —

Luc. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Luc. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A businefs for yourself, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Luc. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Luc. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time. — Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: — Proceed.

Isab. In brief, — to set the needlefs procefs by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me; and how I reply'd;
(For this was of much length,) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st;
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,

In hateful practice: First, his integrity
Stands without blemish: — next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you on;
Confefs the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?
Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance! — Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone: — An officer!
To prison with her: — Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice. —
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike: — Who knows that Lodowick?

Luc. My lord, I know him; 'tis a medling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? This' a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! — Let this friar be found.

Luc. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison: a sawcy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Friar P. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd: First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no leſs.
Know you that friar Lodowick, that she speaks of?

Friar P. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Luc. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

Friar P. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever: Upon his mere request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo,) came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman;
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confeſs it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

ISAB.

ISABELLA *is carried off, guarded; and* MARIANA *comes forward.*

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo? —
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo!
In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause. — Is this the witneſs, friar?
First, let her shew her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not shew my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing then: — neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Luc. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause.
To prattle for himself.

Luc. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confeſs, I ne'er was marry'd;
And I confeſs, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not,
That ever he knew me.

Luc. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert so too.

Luc. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witneſs for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:
She, that accuses him of fornication,

In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse: — Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask. [*unveiling.*]
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body,
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house,
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Luc. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Luc. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confefs, I know this woman;
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her: which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time, of five years,

I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
He knew me as a wife: As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone! think'st thou, thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation? — You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd. —
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Friar P. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,

Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly. — [*Exit* Prov.]
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it throughly. — [*Exit* Duke.]
Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Luc. *Cucullus non facit monachum:* honest in nothing, but in his cloaths; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Luc. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again; [*to an* Attendant.] I would speak with her: pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Luc. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Luc. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess; perchance, publickly she'll be ashamed.

Re-enter Officers, *with* ISABELLA; *the* Duke *in the* Friar's *habit, and* Provost.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Luc. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress; [*to* Isabella.] here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Luc. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time: — speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Luc. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir, did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometimes honour'd for his burning throne: —
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:
Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least: — But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Luc. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himself,
To tax him with injustice? — Take him hence;
To the rack with him: — We'll touze you joint by joint,
But we will know this purpose: What, unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he

Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial: My businefs in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio?
Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman baldpate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Luc. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Luc. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Luc. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal: — Away with him to prison: — Where is the Provost? — Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more: Away

with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The* Provost *lays hands on the* Duke.]

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Luc. Come, sir; come, sir; come sir: foh, sir; Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off?

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the* Duke.]

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er made a duke —
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three:
Sneak not away, sir; [*to* Lucio] for the friar and you
Must have a word anon: — lay hold on him.

Luc. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down. — [*to* Escalus.]
We'll borrow place of him: — Sir, by your leave: [*to* Ang.]
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it, till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltineſs,
To think I can be undiscernable,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes: Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession;
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana: —
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.
Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly. —
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again: — Go with him, provost.
[*Exeunt* ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, *and* PROV.]
Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeneſs of it.
Duke. Come hither, Isabel:
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advértising, and holy to your buſineſs,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.
Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.
Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost: O, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, *and* PROVOST.

Isab. I do, my lord.
Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant, for your brother's life,)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still *for Measure.*
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage:
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste; —
Away with him.

Mari. O, my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband!

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege, — [*kneeling.*]

Duke. You do but lose your labour;

Away with him to death. — Now, sir, [*to Lucio.*] to you.

Mari. O, my good lord! — Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you, all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*kneeling.*]
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die: My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be bury'd but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say. —
I have bethought me of another fault: —
Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou had'st done so by Claudio. —
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.
[*Exit* Provost.]

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grosly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgément afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, *and* Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man: —
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide

For better times to come: — Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. — What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.
[*unmuffles* Claudio.]

Duke. If he be like your brother, [*to* Isab.] for his sake
Is he pardon'd; And, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye: —
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours. —
I find an apt remission in myself:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon; —
You, sirrah, [*to* Lucio.] that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an afs, a mad-man;
Wherein have I deserved so of you,
That you extol me thus?

Luc. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick: If you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather it would please you, I might be whip'd.

Duke. Whip'd first, sir, and hang'd after. —
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whip'd and hang'd.

Luc. I beseech your highnefs, do not marry me to a whore! Your highnefs said even now, I

made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits: — Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Luc. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deserves it. —
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore. —
Joy to you, Mariana! — love her, Angelo;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue. —
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodneſs:
There's more behind, that is more gratulate.
Thanks, provost, for thy care, and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place: —
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itself. — Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine: —
So bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know. [*Exeunt.*]

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

*** SHAKSPEARE certainly took the general plan of this comedy from a translation of the *Menaechmi* of Plautus, by W. W. i. e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whose version of the acrostical argument already quoted, is as follows:

„ Two twinne-borne sonnes a Sicill marchant had,
„ Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other;
„ The first his father lost, a little lad;
„ The grandsire namde the latter like his brother:
„ This (growne a man) long travell tooke to seeke
„ His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
„ Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
„ That citizens there take him for the same:
„ Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
„ Much pleasant error, ere they meete togither."

Perhaps the last of these lines suggested to Shakspeare the title for his piece. — See this translation of the *Menaechmi*, among *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, etc. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-Croſs. STEEVENS.

I suspect this and all other plays where much rhime is used, and especially in long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakspeare's more early productions. BLACKSTONE.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1593. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

Persons Represented.

SOLINUS, *Duke of* Ephesus.
AEGEON, *a Merchant of* Syracuse.

ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse,	*twin Brothers, and Sons to* Aegeon *and* Aemilia, *but unknown to each other.*
DROMIO *of* Ephesus, DROMIO *of* Syracuse,	*twin Brothers, and Attendants on the two* Antipholus's.

BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*
ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus *of* Syracuse.
PINCH, *a School-master, and a Conjurer.*

AEMILIA, *Wife to* Aegeon, *an Abbess at* Ephesus.
ADRIANA, *Wife to* Antipholus *of* Ephesus.
LUCIANA, *her Sister.*
LUCE, *her Servant.*
A Courtezan.

Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Ephesus.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, AEGEON, Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants.

Aege. PROCEED, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen, —
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods, —
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffick to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,

If any, born at Ephesus, be seen
At any Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, If any, Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Aege. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Aege. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;
And he, great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting, under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;

And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragick instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, — for other means was none. —
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,

Were carry'd towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came, — O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Aege. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercilefs to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course. —
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my blifs;
Thus by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Aege. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and impórtun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loſs of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeleſs to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapleſs Aegeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die: —
Jailer, take him to thy custody.

Jail. I will, my lord.

Aege. Hopeleſs, and helpleſs, doth Aegeon wend,
But to procraſtinate his lifeleſs end. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A publick Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of Syracuse, and a* Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean.
[*Exit* DRO. S.]

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time;
My present busineſs calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit* Merchant.]

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio *of Ephesus.*

Here comes the almanack of my true date. —
What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,
My mistreſs made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O, — sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last,
To pay the sadler for my mistress' crupper; —
The sadler had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistreſs come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishneſs,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner;
My mistreſs, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have dispos'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistreſs' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both. —
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistreſs, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistreſs at the Phoenix;
She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not sir, I'll take my heels.
[*Exit* DRO. E.]

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear, my money is not safe. [*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,

That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They'll go, or come: If so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their busineſs still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

Luc. Why head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subject, and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though
she pause;
They can be meek, that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me:
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to
try; —
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine
ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is
horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure,
he's stark mad:
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner-time, quoth I: *My gold*, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Will you come home, quoth I? *My gold*, quoth he:
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd; My gold*, quoth he:
My mistreſs, sir, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistreſs;*
I know not thy mistreſs; out on thy mistreſs!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:
I know, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistreſs;* —
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate acroſs.

Dro. E. And he will bleſs that croſs with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*]

Luc. Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindneſs blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's master of my state:
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures: My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy! — fye, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain; —
Would that alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold: and no man, that hath a name,
But falshood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave

Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out,
By computation, and mine host's report.
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? You receiv'd no gold?
Your mistreſs sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
And told'st me of a mistreſs, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*beating him.*]

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sawcineſs will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.

When

When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But keep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspéct,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first, — for flouting me; and then, wherefore, — For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhime nor reason? —
Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase me another dry-basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have deny'd that, before you were so cholerick.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit. —

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no tim to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistreſs hath thy sweet aspécts,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow
That never words were musick to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unleſs I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?
And that this body, consecrate to thee,

By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fye, brother! how the world is chang'd with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him, —
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.
Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unleſs it be by inspiration?
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grosly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
Whose weakneſs, marry'd to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught posseſs thee from me, it is droſs,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moſs;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiſs?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.
Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
Dro. S. O, for my beads! I croſs me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land; — O, spight of spights! —
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprights;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an afs.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grafs.
'Tis so, I am an afs; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn. —
Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate: —
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter. —
Come, sister: — Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus,* DROMIO *of Ephesus,* ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carkanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house: —
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know:
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an afs.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pafs,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an afs.

Ant. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar: Pray god, our cheer

May answer my good-will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But soft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!

Dro. S. [*within.*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from thee door, or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an afs.

Luce. [*within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh: —
Have at you with a proverb. — Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's, — When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems, thou wantest breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. S. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather; master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this, — Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner:
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever hous'd, where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in despight of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse, —
Pretty aud witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle; —
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner. — Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow,
(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife,)
Upon mine hostefs there: good sir, make haste:
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour, sir, hence.

Ant. E. Do so; This jest shall cost me some expence. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus, hate,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindnefs:
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindnefs:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;

Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
 Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false; What need she be acquainted?
 What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
 And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
 Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, shew us the sleeve;
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
 Comfort my sister, chear her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not,
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,)
Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,
 Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
 Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
 To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
 Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
 Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
 To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
 And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die: —
 Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will.
[*Exit* Luc.]

Enter, from the house of Antipholus *of Ephesus,* Dromio *of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an afs, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such a claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; — but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenneſs; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteneſs in them: but I gueſs, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain;

who

who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*]

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such inchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will, that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter'd Merchant, ANGELO, *and* an Officer.

Mer. You know, since pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much impórtun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:

Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholus:
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus, and* DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day. —
But soft, I see the goldsmith: — get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit* DROMIO.]

Ant. E. A man is well holp up, that trusts to you:
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat;
The fineneſs of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:

I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some busineſs in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear, how he impórtunes me; the chain —

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fye, now you run this humour out of breath!

Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do;
And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation; —
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer; —
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail: —
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio *of Syracuse.*

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,

And then, sir, she bears away: our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitae.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now, a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a ropes end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave be gone.
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt* Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, *and* ANT. E.]

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compafs.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. First he deny'd you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my spight.
Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.
Adr. Did'st speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have its will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse-body'd, shapelefs every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Dro. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitilefs and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell:

Will you send him, mistreſs, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. — This I wonder at, [*Exit* LUCIANA.]
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt: —
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell; 'tis time, that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes, If any hour meet a serjeant, 'a turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason?

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to season.
Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt, and theft, and a serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately. —
Come, sister; I am preſs'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me
As if I were their well acquainted friend;
And every one doth call be by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy;
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise, but that Adam, that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris pike.

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the serjeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest!*

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the serjeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus. I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now: Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this mistrefs Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she's the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench.* It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorcereſs:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils
Ask but the parings of one's nail, a rush,
A hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut,
A cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Master, be wise; and if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistreſs, that you know.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPH. *and* DROM.]

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his house,

And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away: This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus, and* an Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly trust the messenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus with a rope's-end.*

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope?

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*beating him.*]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. S. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseleſs villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseleſs, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an aſs.

Dro. E. I am an aſs, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and the* Courtezan, *with* PINCH, *and* Others.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistreſs, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end.*

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*beats him.*]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no leſs. —
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstacy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I deny'd to enter in my house?

Adr. O, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. I din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did; — my bones bear witneſs,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witneſs with her, that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witneſs,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistreſs, both man and master is poſseſs'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confeſs, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:

But

But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.
[PINCH *and his assistants bind* ANT. *and* DROMIO.]

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company; — the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou jailer, thou,
I am thy priosner; wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. — O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
Good master; cry, the devil. —

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence. — Sister, go you with me. —

[*Exeunt* PINCH *and assistants with* ANT. *and* DRO.]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it. —
Come, jailer, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO *of Syracuse*

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more help,
To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt* Officer, ADR. *and* LUC.]

Ant S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter Merchant *and* Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus *and* Dromio *of Syracuse.*

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self-chain about his neck,
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him. —
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny

This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:
Fye on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, *and* Others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad; —
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house.
This is some priory; — In, or we are spoil'd.
[*Exeunt* ANTIPH. *and* DROMIO *to the Priory.*]

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.
Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Bury'd some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, so I did.
Abb. Ay. but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced at it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And therefore came it, that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:

And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madneſs?
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinsman to grim and comfortleſs despair;)
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof. —
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickneſs, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him. [*Exit* Abbess.]

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke *attended;* Aegeon *bare-headed; with the Headsman and other* Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband, —

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters, — this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madneſs took him;
That desperately he hurry'd through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbeſs shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could. —
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbeſs come to me;
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistreſs, mistreſs, shift and save yourself!

My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:
And, sure, unleſs you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistreſs, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:
[*Cry within.*]
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistreſs; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witneſs you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Aege. Unleſs the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameleſs thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord; — myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: So befal my soul,
As this is false, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highneſs simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſs it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,

I went to seek him; in the street I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-faced villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as it were, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confefs, you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly: —
You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying: — Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange: — Go call the abbefs hither;
I think you are all mated, or stark mad.
[*Exit* an Attendant.]

Aege. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;

Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.
Aege. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?
Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bond-man, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.
Aege. I am sure, you both of you remember me.
Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?
Aege. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.
Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.
Aege. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
Ant. E. Neither.
Aege. Dromio, nor thou?
Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.
Aege. I am sure, thou dost.
Dro. E. Ay, sir? but I am sure, I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.
Aege. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,

My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Aege. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witnefs with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter Abbefs, *with* Antipholus *Syracusan and* Dromio *Syracusan.*

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to see him.*]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these: Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Aegeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty: —
Speak, old Aegeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Aemilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Aegeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Aemilia!

Aege. If I dream not, thou art Aemilia;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholus's, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance, —
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea, —
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No, I say, nay, to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother: — What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think, I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think, he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes: —
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction. —
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; nor, till this present hour,
My heavy burdens are delivered: —
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;
After so long grief such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Abbefs, AEGEON, Courtezan, Merchant, ANGELO, *and* Attendants.]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

Dro. S.

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS S. *and* E. ADR. *and* LUC.]

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glaſs, and not my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus:
We came into the world, like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*]

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